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THE  
POETRY AND MYSTERY  
OF  
DREAMS.

BY  
CHARLES G. LELAND.

Dreames be significations  
As well of joy as of tribulations,  
That folks endure in this life present :  
There nedeth to make of this none argument.

CHAUCER.



PHILADELPHIA :  
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TO THE  
AUTHORS

THE  
Poetry and Mystery of Dreams,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MISS BELLE FISHER,

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.



## Preface.

THE object of this work is not to form a prophetic guide to the future, but to present to those who are interested in the curiosities of Literature the belief of the great dreamers of antiquity as to the imagined signification of a few of the vagaries of the mind during slumber, and to illustrate poetically the caprices of what is with many a highly poetic faculty. Dreams are no longer for intelligent minds, sources of hope or fear, but they still wanton through the halls of the spirit as of old, though the horn and ivory gates which were once supposed to determine their truth or falsehood, have long since been broken away. And they are still recorded as mysterious or pleasing fantasies, still narrated at the breakfast table, and still quoted by lovers as affording involuntary illustrations of a passion which dares not declare itself in more direct terms. And there are many, especially among the young, who though devoid of superstition are still curious to know what this or that dream is said to signify, yet who very properly shrink from consulting those popular "dream-books" which are not only replete

with coarse vulgarity, but also fail to give those explanations which were accepted as authentic in days when even the wisest placed full faith in the interpretations of Oneirology.

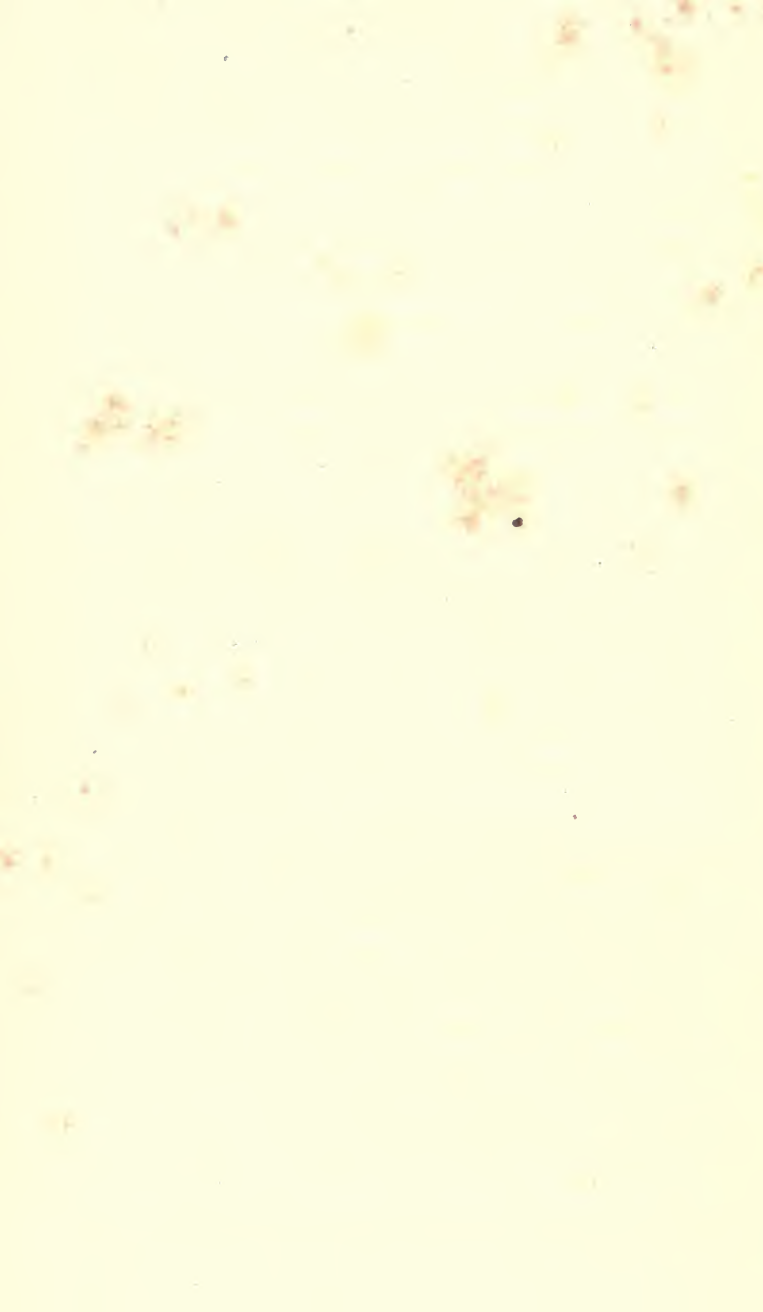
I was first induced to compile this work, by observing that many of the similes of the older English and German poets were evidently inspired by the beautiful superstitions of their day, and indeed that all the art of the Middle Ages, whether literary or plastic, rests to a degree upon a supernatural foundation. The mysticism or spiritualism of HERRICK is by no means confined to his "Fairy Land" or "Charms and Ceremonies;" CHAUCER has carried his respect for Dreamland to the verge of faith, while in SHAKSPEARE we find the inspiration of popular belief constantly developed in the most exquisite fancies. In illustrating the ancient interpretations of dreams by fragments of modern poetry, I have therefore simply attempted to bring back the latter to the point whence it in many instances originated, and to compare the perfect flower with the first rude cutting from which it sprung.

In "Mackay's Memoirs of Popular and Extraordinary Delusions"—a work distinguished in most respects for ingenuity, interest, and erudition—we find the following remarkable assertion. "The rules of the Art of *Oneiro-Criticism* (or the interpreting dreams), if any existed in ancient times, are no longer known." Without pretending to the slightest vindication of the merit of the works in question I must be allowed to express my astonishment that a gentleman of Mr. Mackay's reading should have been



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ignorant that in Artemidorus we have a complete *resumé* of the rules of Oneirology as believed by the Greeks and Romans, and that in the poetic dream-books of Astrampsychius, and Nicephorus the Patriarch of Constantinople, there is a sufficient approach, as regards age, to the days of antiquity to give a strong colour to the supposition that in those days of tradition their contents were derived from much older sources. In the Oneiro-Criticism of Achmet the Arabian we have a vast collection of explanations of dreams, professedly drawn from Egyptian, Indian, and Persian tradition, and which bear intrinsic evidence of their Oriental origin. It is to these works that I have been principally indebted for the interpretations contained in this volume, with the exception, indeed, of a few German Dream-Books of the Middle Ages. Extracts from the latter could not with propriety have been omitted, when we remember the vast preponderance of the Teutonic element in our superstitions and poetry.



## Introduction.

IN the olden time prophecy and poetry were believed to be inspired by the same spirit, and the same word—VATES—was indifferently applied to either of their ministers. Now, however, when antique oracles are dumb, and even dreams and visions are no longer regarded as prophetic of coming weal or woe, it is only as a humble dependant on the magic of poesy and art, that the whilome soothsayer is allowed to dazzle with his enchantments. Still there are moments when his misty spectre seems endowed with reality, and there are few minds who will not entertain him at times in the bower of imagination, although ashamed to admit him to the higher hall of reason.

And there are very few who are not occasionally interested in the mysterious, uncontrollable operations of the mind during slumber. “Dreams,” says a writer, “are the novels which we read when asleep”—and it is in these wild romances, that the sternest and gravest foes of the Imaginative and Fantastic in art and literature, read their reproof written legibly by Nature herself. And when we reflect on the inexplicable manner in which the subtlest and

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most occult workings of the mind are at times entangled with our dreams, becoming, so to speak, half revealed; and appearing to the observer who never investigates the wondrous world within, like a veritable gleam from a spirit world above, it does not appear strange that there have existed in all ages myriads who believed with religious faith that supernatural intimations were permitted to even the humblest, during sleep.

It is true that modern science and investigation have well nigh explained all the mysteries of dreams, or at least have opened a path to their explanation. The singular faculty of *latent memory* so well illustrated by Coleridge and De Quincey, and the established fact that this power is frequently awakened in dreams, would serve of itself to explain many a mysterious revelation, which the Rosicrucian philosopher would have ascribed to his mystical *Adech* or invisible "inner sprite," but which the modern is contented to attribute to fortuitous association. If to the latent memory, we add the quite as mysterious but more usual quality of *forgetfulness*, we have an explanation of the manner in which knowledge was not only acquired, but also concealed.

And as the power displayed by even weak men during convulsions, or while under the influence of some dominant passion, proves the existence of latent and seemingly immeasurable physical strength, so the mind, in dreams, displays not only the memory alluded to, but also hidden *powers* which either slumber entirely during our waking hours, or are so subtle in their operation as to defy detec-

tion. Should the former be the case, we can only presume them to be the very partial development of embryo faculties, which are only to be expanded in a future life. If the latter, we must assume that the apparent spontaneity of much reasoning, in its relation to the memory, has been as yet, despite the efforts of Cousin, but very slightly investigated. When we recall the vast magazine of knowledge which memory presents to these powers, we can no longer wonder that they should occasionally form combinations and conclusions which appear to the unreflecting, perfectly miraculous.

It is, therefore, not impossible that some philosopher, aided by the researches of modern chemists in the application of their science to the nervous system, and by the theories of such writers as SALVERTE, who seek to establish the claims of ancient magic on physical experience, will yet succeed in restoring to Dreamland its rank as a first-class power among the kingdoms of the mind. Whether this be effected or not, we trust that enough has been said to justify on the one hand, any doubt as to the *supernatural* claims of Oneirology, and yet on the other to admit, in the words of Chaucer,

That no man should be too reckeles  
Of dreames, for I say thee doubtlesse  
That many a dreme full sore is for to drede.





## The Dream Angel.

THOSE instances, I believe, are neither few nor far between, in which dreams have given to the afflicted, positive comfort and encouragement during their waking hours. The features of the loved who have long been parted from us either by accident or death, are thus renewed or revived far more sympathetically than can be done by the most accurate portrait, while to the lover despairing of his lady's favour, a pleasant dream often holds forth hopes not less stimulating than her smiles. All, it is true, are not gifted with such vivid imaginations as to frequently experience these sweet delusions, but they have in every age existed to such a degree that the world has never wanted races who held with religious faith that

“—Departed spirits at their will  
Could from the Land of Souls pass to and fro,  
Coming to us in sleep when all is still.”

To those who can feel a poetic sympathy with this belief, the following sketch, which owes its existence to a hint from Jean Paul's "Voice of the Heart," may not prove un-

acceptable as an attempt to embody in a legendary form this mysterious Spirit of Dreams.

Once the bright Angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of Man, even the Guardian Angel of the World, drew near the throne of the Heavenly Father, and prayed: "Give me, oh Father! a way by which I may teach Man how to avoid a part at least of the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him! For Man is not always bad; at times he feels my better influence; at times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external aid might fix upon him!"

Then the Father spoke to the Angel and said, "Give him the Dream!"

The sweet Guardian flew over the world with his sister the Dream. Far and wide they spread their gentle influence, and the hearts of life-weary mortals were rejoiced. But the soft breathings of the Dream Angel fell not alike on all. To the good and gentle who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toil of the good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the far land of light. Forgetting the narrow prison of the world, their souls rose up and spread broad and wide over the land of vision, gazing with eagle eyes upon its golden glories. But as the night waned their dream grew dim, and the outer influences of life gently closed about them and drew them back to the world and to the body, even as the corolla of the night-flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best loved starry heaven.

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To the toil-worn, sun-burnt husbandman who had fallen asleep in despair, and who ever feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labour, the sweet Dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in goodly ranks, and gazed with joy upon the soft small ears, which, at first no larger than flower-buds, seemed, as he beheld them, to expand to full maturity.

There are certain dream fantasies and strange sleep-changes which are to be found only in the deep unbroken slumber resulting from bodily fatigue, or in the light irregular rest of fever; even as the grotesque blue dragon fly, and the strange water-flitter are found only on the surface of the deep silent pool, or over the shallow, dancing brook; and as the husbandman slept on, the fantastic sprites who attend the Dream, flitted about him and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision. For as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to overshadow him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the merry singing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals there came shouts as of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple cloud gathered about him, but the dream spirits with their long shadowy arms drew him through it, and he now stood before a well-filled granary; and as tears of joy ran down his cheeks, his wife and loved ones gathered about him, and their blessings and praises sunk into his heart, and mingled with the even-hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet

dream, and blessed it for the hope with which it had inspired him.

But the Dream flew on, and it came to a guilty prisoner who had fallen asleep, cursing his judges, his doom, and the damp black fetters which clung like cold adders to his limbs. And as he dreamed, the prison was opened, the cold chains fell away, and remorse and rage no longer fixed their poison-fangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and blessed thoughts of mercy, repentance, and reconciliation flitted through his mind like golden-winged butterflies through a summer garden; and he awoke trusting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold damp fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell not away; the prison doors remained fast; and worn down by famine and sickness he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle Dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and as he died exclaiming "Not my will, but thine, oh Father!" behold there was joy in Heaven.

It hath been said, that Hope alone is left to mortals; but with her abideth her sister the Dream, who maketh her known to us. For by the Dream, men are led to Hope.

## To Dream Land.

OH! blessed land of Dreams,

Soft memories and blissful hours are thine;  
Strange moonlit fountains and fitful gleams  
Surround thy shrine.

Dreams for the weary one,

Who through a long and toilsome day must weep,  
Come with sweet music breathing in their tone,  
In balmy sleep.

Dreams for the broken-hearted;

Glad angel-tones arise from the dim past,  
Telling of hours that have long since departed,  
Too bright to last.

Dreams for the stained of crime;

Thoughts of their innocent and early years,  
Come rushing o'er them from the past of time,  
With bitter tears.

Dreams, too, for those who mourn;

Of that blest realm which knows not care or pain,  
From whence the dead to vision land return,  
We meet again.

Dreams unto us are given,

To soothe the weary, and the heart-oppressed;  
Oh! realm of visions, poised 'twixt earth and heaven,  
We call thee blest!

W. R. HART.

(17)



## Abbot.

*“If you dream of an abbot, it presages great age.”*

THE DREAM PROPHET OF NIC. VON KLINGELBERG.

SADLY through yon graveyard creeps  
The abbot old and hoar,  
His long beard in the night wind sweeps,  
His heart knows joy no more.

No more he hears—no more he sees ;  
A long staff guides his way ;  
What seeks he there ?—why brave the breeze ?  
He counts the graves, they say.

And ever as he counts, it seems  
As still were wanting one ;  
He shakes his hoary head, and deems  
Next day his race is run.

Not yet is made that couch his own ;  
Warm tears his wan cheeks lave ;  
When yon firm fabric's overthrown,  
He'll only find his grave.

C. REINHOLD.

Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
To say to the dead abbots under us,  
Make room for me !

LONGFELLOW.



## Absence.

*Absence from home on distant journeying is a most favourable omen in dreams, presaging great happiness.*

ACHMET SEIRIM, c. 147.

FARE thee well, thou lane so humble!—quiet home, fare  
well to thee!

Sadly gazed I on my parents; and my Mary gazed on me.

Here so far, so far I wander; still for home and love I  
long;

Merry sing my wild companions;—but it seems a hollow  
song.

Other cities oft receive me,—other maidens oft I see;  
*Other* maidens are they truly,—not the maiden loved by  
me.

“Other cities, other maidens!”—here so lost and sad I  
stand;

Other maidens, other cities!—give me back my Father-  
land!

COUNT ALBERT VON SCHLIPPENBACH.

Why must our souls thus love and thus be riven?  
Return—thy parting wakes mine agony!

HEMANS.

Must I then, must I then from my home-land away,  
And my love no longer see ?

In a year, in a year, in a year from to-day  
I'll return, my own heart's love to thee.

Think not, if other maids I meet,  
That false I e'er can be ;

If thou'rt true, if thou'rt true, if thou'rt true to me, sweet,  
Thine own love, thine own love I'll be !

In a year, in a year when the vintage hath come,  
Again I'll be here by thy side.

If thou'rt true to me, true to me, true to me then,  
We'll be happy as bridegroom and bride.

In a year my wandering will be o'er  
Then I'll dream of thee and thine.

If thou'rt true to me, true to me, true to me then,  
I'll be blest and make thee mine.

FROM THE GERMAN BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

## Account Books.

*To dream of account-books, receipts, notes, bills, &c., presages great wealth. To go over such business documents, or to add up figures, is a sure sign that some weighty affair has been neglected and requires immediate attention.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

TARE and tret ;  
Gross and net,  
Box and hogsheads, dry and wet :  
Ready made,  
Of every grade,  
Wholesale, retail, will you trade ?

Goods for sale,  
 Roll or bale,  
     Ell or quarter, yard or nail;  
 Every dye,  
 Will you buy?  
     None can sell as cheap as I!

Thus each day  
 Wears away,  
     And his hair is turning gray!  
 He nightly looks  
 O'er his books,  
     Counts his gains and bolts his locks.

By and by  
 He must die—  
     But the Ledger-Book on high  
 Will unfold—  
 How he sold,  
 How he got and used his gold.

FROM THE ST. ANTHONY (MINNESOTA) CASKET.

## Æolian Harps.

*Spirits hover around you in dreams,—Fortune and happiness.*

REICHHALTIGES TRAUM BUCH.

THIS life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,  
 But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

LONGFELLOW.

The chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,  
 The voice hath died away,  
 Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed  
 But yesterday.  
 And all the memories, all the dreams  
 They woke in floating by,  
 The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—  
 Could these too die ?  
 Whence were they ?—like the breath of flowers,  
 Why thus to come and go ?  
 A long, long journey must be ours,  
 Ere this we know !

HEMANS.

A sound of music, such as they might deem  
 The song of spirits—that would sometimes sail  
 Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,  
 Then sweep away and die with a low wail ;  
 Then come again.

CROLY.

I've heard thee wake with touch refined,  
 The viewless harp strings of the wind,  
 When on my ears their soft tones fell,  
 Sweet as the voice of Israfel.

HENRY NEELE.

Hast heard in dreams the wind harp's tone ?  
 Then in thy soul rejoice ;  
 No one is friendless and alone,  
 Who hears its spirit-voice.

ANONYMOUS.

## Anchor.

*According to VON GERSTENBERGK, who has culled his "Dream Lexicon" from the writings of APOMAZOR, ARTEMIDORUS, CARDANUS, and JOHN ENGELBRECHT;—to dream of an anchor denotes security. Others declare it to presage the fulfilment of long-deferred hopes, while a third authority asserts that it implies hindrance and delay.*

AT first all deadly shapes were driven  
Tumultuously across her sleep,  
And o'er the vast cope of bending Heaven  
All ghastly visaged clouds did sweep;  
And as towards the east she turned  
She saw aloft in the morning air,  
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,  
A great black anchor rising there;  
And wherever the lady turned her eyes  
It hung before her in the skies.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,  
The depths were cloudless over head,  
The air was calm as it could be,  
There was no sight nor sound of dread,  
But that black anchor floating still  
Over the piny eastern hill.

## Angels.

*To dream of angels presages joy and prosperity with  
the fulfilment of our dearest hope.*

ACHMET SEIRIM, c. 10.

PERCHANCE she knows it by her dreams,  
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams  
(Angelic presence testifying),  
That round her everywhere are flying ;  
Ostents from which she may presume  
That much of Heaven is in the room.  
Skirting her own bright hair they run,  
And to the sunny add more sun.

CHARLES LAMB.

But may ye not unseen, around us hover,  
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet ;  
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,  
When midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met ?  
Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,  
When love by strength o'er masters agony ?

HEMANS.

It is a beautiful, a blest belief  
That the beloved dead, grown angels, watch  
The dear ones left behind.

L. E. L.



Light as the angel shapes that bless  
 An infant's dream, yet not the less  
 Rich in all woman's loveliness.

MOORE.

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## Antiquities—Curiofities.

*To dream of antique, rare, and costly objects, presages some happy event—the arrival of a dear friend, or a fortunate and unexpected discovery.*

NICHOLAUS VON KLINGELBERG.

CASES of rare medallions, coins antique  
 Found in the dust of cities, Roman, Greek ;  
 And urns of alabaster, soft and bright,  
 With fauns and dancing shepherds on their sides ;  
 And costly marble vases dug from night  
 In Pompeii, beneath its lava-tides :  
 Clusters of arms, the spoil of ancient wars,  
 Old scymitars of true Damascus brand,  
 Short swords with basket-hilts to guard the hand,  
 And iron casques with rusty visor-bars :  
 Lances and spears, and battle-axes keen,  
 With crescent edges, shields with studded thorns,  
 Yew-bows, and shafts, and curved bugle-horns,  
 With tassled baldrics of the Lincoln green :  
 And on the walls with lifted curtains, see !  
 The portraits of my noble ancestry ;  
 Thin-featured, stately dames with powdered locks,  
 And courtly shepherdesses tending flocks,

Stiff lords in wigs, and ruffles white as snow,  
 Haught peers and princes centuries ago,  
 And dark Sir Hugh, the bravest of the line,  
 With all the knightly scars he won in Palestine.

STODDARD.

If in his study he hath such a care  
 To *hang* old strange things, let his wife beware.

DONNE.

——the pictures and the blazoned books,  
 The glittering armour and the oaken screen,  
 Grotesque with wry-faced purgatorial shapes.

BOKER.

## Animals.

*To dream of many kinds of animals herding or thronging together, denotes some strange and direful adventure.*

WHILE he thus spake, there came into my mind  
 This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was :  
 I saw a river stopt with stormes of winde,  
 Wherethrough a Swan, a Bull, a Bore did passe,  
 Tranching the fish and fire with teeth of brasse,  
 Methought this streame did drowne the cruell Bore,  
 In little space it grew so deepe and brode :  
 But he had killed the Bull and Swan before.  
 Besides all this I saw an uglie Tode  
 Crale towards me, on which methought I trode :  
     But what became of her, or what of me,  
     My sudden waking would not let me see.

THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES.

I had a dream last night of Noah's ark,  
Methought I saw the beasts go two by two  
Up a long plank and into their abode.  
First came the nobler brutes, and then in turn,  
By mild gradation walked the viler sort,  
And, after all, the reptiles. Then I saw  
Those insects which more terrify the brave  
Than lions, snakes or tigers—for there flew,  
Or crept according to his kind, the bug,  
The cockroach and mosquito. Last and worst,  
Meaner than all—vilest among the vile,  
Came two small *critic-lings*, whose ignorance  
But half out-topped their venom. When I saw  
This paltry vermin closing up the train,  
I called to *Noah* and in sorrow cried,  
“ Oh great Ark-Patriarch, if it needs must be  
Keep the mosquitoes and the *chitches* dire,  
The murd'rous flea and eke the cock-*a*-roach,  
Yea—spare the bugs—(forgive me, reader mine!)  
But Oh! block out that vilest pair, who crawl  
Disgracing all before them?” “ So I would,”  
The sire replied—“ and kill them both to boot;  
But 'tis ordained the filthy things must live,  
E'en for their mutual torture”—here I woke.

MEISTER KARL.

## Anvil.

*To dream of hammering on an anvil presages success  
and honour in spite of opposition and enmity.*

APOMAZOR.

I DREAMT I stood by a roaring fire,  
Near the blacksmith grimy and grim ;  
And watched the blaze rise higher and higher,  
As it lit up each brawny limb.  
Bang, bang, his hammer rang,  
And drove out many a spark ;  
They seemed the devil's own fire-flies,  
As they darted through the dark.

The smith struck high—the smith struck low,  
As over his work he bent ;  
And if every blow had been on a foe,  
A battle had soon been spent.  
*Cling, cling*, the steel doth ring,  
In flaming crimson dressed ;  
Of all the callings that I know,  
I love the blacksmith's best.

King Siegfried of old was a blacksmith bold,  
And well on the iron could pound ;  
With his very first blow, he drove, I'm told,  
The anvil into the ground :  
Round, round, into the ground,  
And beat his hammer flat ;  
No man alive but a blacksmith stout,  
Could strike you a blow like that.

And Siegfried became a monarch of might,  
 And so you may clearly see,  
 If a man would rise in power and height,  
 A blacksmith he first must be :  
 Smack, smack ! with many a crack,  
 As he hammers the spade and plough ;  
 For so did Tubal Cain of old,  
 And he must do so now.

C. G. LELAND.

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## Apples.

*Large fair apples are a good sign for him, or for her, who is in love. Sour apples signify strife and discord. The scholar who dreams of apples will make great progress in wisdom.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

AT length she said, that in a slumber sound,  
 She dreamed a dream of walking in a wood—  
 A wood “obscure” like that where Dante found  
 Himself in at the age when all grow good, \* \* \*  
 And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,  
 And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots.

And in the midst A GOLDEN APPLE grew,—  
 A most prodigious pippin,—but it hung  
 Rather too high and distant, that she threw  
 Her glances on it, and then longing, flung  
 Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
 Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung

To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
But always at a most provoking height.

BYRON.

But all are empty, unsubstantial shades  
That ramble through those visionary glades;  
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,  
But sickly orchards there  
Do fruits as sickly bear,  
And APPLES a consumptive visage shew,  
And withered hangs the whortleberry blue.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

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## Apricots.

*To dream of apricots presages a gentle sunny life, free from the world's harsher influences, and blessed with happiness, wealth and friendship.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

OH what a life is mine !  
A life of light and mirth,  
The sensuous life of earth,  
For ever fresh and fine,

A heavenly worldliness, mortality divine !  
When eastern skies, the sea, and misty plain  
Illumined slowly, doff their nightly shrouds,  
And Heaven's bright archer, Morn, begins to rain  
His golden arrows through the banded clouds,  
I rise and tramp away the jocund hours,  
Knee deep in grass and dewy beds of flowers. \* \* \*



Sometimes I lounge in arbours hung with vines,  
 And press the bunchy grapes in various wines,  
 The which I sip and sip, with pleasure mute,  
 O'er mouthful bites of golden-rinded fruit,  
 Parting their separate flavours, bliss by bliss,  
 Like one who swoons in some immortal kiss.

STODDARD.

I dreamed of plucking blushing apricots,  
 The pleasant darlings of the summer sun;  
 I felt their sides give way within my palm,  
 Like a soft maiden's cheek.

ANONYMOUS.

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## Arch.

*To dream of passing under an arch betokens that you will travel much in distant countries, meet with many strange adventures, and have a variety of curious experiences.*

FOR all experience is an arch wherethro'  
 Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades,  
 For ever and for ever when I move.

TENNYSON.

I slept and dreamed—before me stood an arch—  
 A pointed ogive—framed in carvings quaint,  
 Whose sabred sides rose from an antique base,  
 En-niching in their course full many a saint

Or demon grim, whom age had worn alike ;  
 While here and there a trailing ivy hung,  
 As if old Time, like artist void of skill  
 O'er over-finished work had drapery flung.

And all unheeding through the arch I passed,  
 When lo ! another life seemed gathering round,  
 New years were added to the past, and forms  
 As yet unknown stole o'er my spirit's bound,  
 Yet laughed to me like friends, and when I turned  
 In bashful wonder from their merry eyes,  
 I felt that they were friends of days to come  
 In other countries, and 'neath other skies.

C. G. LELAND.



## Arrow.

*To dream of finding, or of shooting an arrow, is an omen of death.*

ACHMET SEIRIM.

HIS bow for action ready bent,  
 And arrows with a head of stone,  
 Can only mean that life is spent,  
 And not the old ideas gone.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;  
 And where that shaft is taken up,  
 There shall my grave digged be.

BALLAD OF ROBIN HOOD.

Full many a shaft at random sent,  
 Finds mark the archer never meant ;  
 And many a word at random spoken  
 Can soothe or heal a heart that's broken.

SCOTT.

My life is in my hand, and lo !  
 I grasp and bend it as a bow,  
 And shoot forth from its trembling string  
 An arrow that shall be, perchance,  
 Like the arrow of the Israelite king,  
 That of the Lord's Deliverance !

LONGFELLOW.

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## Battle.

*To dream of battles, of armies marching in ranks, of weapons, fortifications, and of anything pertaining to wars, is an evil sign to those loving, and to all save soldiers.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

O, MY good lord, why are you thus alone ?  
 For what offence have I this fortnight been  
 A banished woman from my Harry's bed ? \* \* \*  
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watched,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;  
 Cry *Courage* ;—*to the field* ! and thou hast talked  
 Of sallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin ;

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight.

KING HENRY IV.

Ever in my nightly slumber  
Comes a wild and fearful dream,  
Of a dark plain-corse, encumbered,  
By a roaring bloodstained stream ;  
Ever hear I night-wind moaning  
Mid the cannon-broken trees,  
Ever hear a dreary groaning  
Wafted on the sulph'ry breeze ;  
And amid the dead and dying,  
One pale face alarms me yet ;  
Mid the maddened horses lying,  
One that I can ne'er forget.

H. P. LELAND.



## Beating.

*Blows betoken domestic troubles.*

APOMAZOR.

WHEN shaws beene sheene and shradds full fayre,  
And leaves both large and longe,  
It is merry walking in the fayre forrest  
To heare the small birds' song.

The woodwele sang, and wold not cease,  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
Soe loude, he wakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, said jollye Robin,  
 A dream I had this night ;  
 I dreamt me of two wighty yeomen,  
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,  
 And tooke my bow mee fro ;  
 Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,  
 Ile be wroken (revenged) on them two.

Dreames are swift, master, quoth John,  
 As the wind blowes ore the hill ;  
 For if itt be never so loud this night,  
 To-morrow it may be still.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

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## Beauty.

*To dream of beauty (de Venere) is a most favourable omen to those who labour industriously, for it is the nature and spring of all life and activity. And this is a good sign not only to travellers but to those who propose remaining still, for it stirreth up even the indolent and unwilling to activity. So Venus Anadyomene, rising from the ocean, is ominous to sailors, of storm and wreck, yet nevertheless preserves their lives and brings to a fortunate conclusion, labours and negotiations which have seemed hopeless and desperate.*

ARTEMIDORUS, Lib. 2, CAP. 42.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was beauty,  
 I woke and found that life was duty ;  
 Was then my dream a shadowy lie ?

Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
 A noon-day light and truth to thee.

ANONYMOUS.

— On a pleasant summer day,  
 In a garden as I lay  
 Drowsed with the perfume of a thousand flowers,  
 Mine eyes enchanted with their rainbow gleaming,  
 And lulled by ever-dropping fountain showers,  
 I fell asleep—from sleep I fell to dreaming ;  
 When lo ! beside me sat the Dame of Love—  
 The Queen of whitest fairness clad in light,  
 But she was stern, and ruffled e'en her dove :  
 “What dost thou here ?” she cried—“arise and write !

“Go forth and labour !—put thy armour on !  
 Do anything !—but something thou must do ;  
 They lie who say I love a *faineant*,  
 And slander Love with libel most untrue.  
 The brave, thou know'st, alone deserve the fair,  
 But who are *now* the brave in every land ?  
 Though Love-in-Idleness be sweet to wear,  
 I love it best when plucked by labour's hand.

C. G. LELAND.

If, in the warm and passionate hour  
 When Reason sleeps in Fancy's bower,  
 If thou hast ever, ever felt  
 A dream of delicate beauty melt  
 Into the heart's recess,  
 Seen by the soul, and seen by the mind,  
 But indistinct its loveliness,  
 Adored and not defined :



A bright creation, a shadowy ray,  
 Fading and flitting in mist away,  
 Nothing to gaze on, and nothing to hear,  
 But something to cheat the eye and ear  
 With a fond conception and joy of both,  
 So that you might, that hour, be loth  
 To change for some one's sweetest kiss  
 The visions of unenduring bliss,  
 Or lose for some one's sweetest tone,  
 The murmur thou drinkest all alone—  
 If such a vision hath ever been thine,  
 Thou hast a heart that may look on mine !

PRAED.

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## Beech Tree.

*To dream of the beech tree is an omen of peace and prosperity.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

OH leave this barren spot to me;  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
 Though shrub or floweret never grow  
 My wan unwanning shade below,  
 Nor fruits of glossy autumn born  
 My green and glossy leaves adorn,  
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
 The ambrosial treasures of the hive,  
 Yet leave this little spot to me;  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have stood  
 In bloomless fruitless solitude ;  
 Since childhood in my rustling bower  
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,  
 Since youthful lovers in my shade  
 Their vows of truth and rapture paid,  
 And on my trunk's surviving frame  
 Carved many a long-forgotten name ;  
 Oh ! by the vows of gentle sound  
 First breathed upon this sacred ground,  
 By all that Love hath whispered here  
 Or Beauty heard with ravished ear,  
 As Love's own altar honour me,—  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree !

CAMPBELL.

## Beer and Ale.

*A sign of good fortune if clear, but a sad omen if turbid."*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

IN a jolly field of barley good King Cambrinus slept,  
 And dreaming of his thirsty realm the merry monarch  
 wept,  
 "In all my land of Netherland there grows no mead or  
 wine,  
 And water I could never coax adown this throat of mine.

---

“Now list to me, ye heathen gods, and eke ye Christian too,  
Both Zerneboch and Jupiter, and Mary clad in blue;  
And mighty Thor the Thunderer, and any else that be,  
The one who aids me in my need, his servant I will be.”

And as this sinful heathen all in the barley lay,  
There came in dreams an angel bright who soft these words  
did say,

“Arise, thou poor Cambrinus, for even all around,  
In the barley where thou sleepest a nectar may be found.

“In the barley where thou sleepest there hides a nectar  
clear,  
Which men shall know in later times as PORTER, ALE, or  
BEER:”

Then in terms the most explicit he “put the monarch  
through,”  
And gave him ere the dream was out the recipè to brew.

Uprose good king Cambrinus and shook him in the sun.  
“Away, ye wretched heathen gods—with you I’m quit and  
done!  
Ye’ve left me with my subjects in error and in thirst;  
Till in our dreadful dryness we scarce know which is  
worst.”

It was the good Cambrinus unto his palace went,  
And messengers through all the land unto his lords he  
sent,  
“Leave Odin under pain of death!”—his orders were  
severe,  
Yet touched with mildness—for he sent the recipè for  
beer.

Oh then a merry sound was heard of building through the  
land,  
And the churches and the breweries went up on every  
hand ;  
For the masons they were hard at work where'er a spot  
seemed pat,  
And some had bricks within their hods—and some within  
their hats.

C. G. LELAND.

*Huggum vier med hiorve  
Hit hlæger mig iafnam  
Thad Balldur fadur bekke  
Buna veit eg at sumlum  
Drekum BIOR ad bragde  
Ur piukvidium hausa  
Syter ei drengur vid dauda  
Dyrs ad Fiolins husum  
Ei kem ek med eidru  
Ord till Vidris hallar.*

We fought with swords ; this fills  
me still with joy, because I know a  
banquet is preparing by the father  
of the gods. Soon in the splendid  
hall of Odin we shall drink BEER  
out of the skulls of our enemies.  
A brave man shrinks not at death.  
I shall utter no repining words as  
I approach the palace of the gods.

DEATH SONG OF REGNER LODBROG.

BEER-um si sit clearum est sincerum,  
ALE-um si sit stale-um non est malum.

RAY'S PROVERBS.

## BOHEMIAN BEER SONG.

“ Kde ge sládek, tam ge mládek,  
Tam ge taky piwowárek ;  
Kde se piwo warj  
Tam se dobře dařj :  
Pugd'me tam a pjme ho  
Až do rána bjlého !”

Where they brew you'll find a crew  
Of jolly boys, and the brewer too.

Where they boil and make it,  
Is the best place to take it :  
There we'll drink and there we'll go,  
Till the morning white doth grow !

Beer we'll drink until we wink,  
Go it gayly,—never think !  
Be jolly all together,  
We're birds of one same feather—  
There we'll drink and there we'll go,  
Till the morning white doth grow !

Drink good beer and never fear,  
Love the girls both far and near !  
That's the way to do it,  
Merrily get through it :  
There we'll drink and there we'll go,  
Till the morning white doth grow !

Glass in hand, for fatherland,  
King and native tongue we stand,  
Sound it out, ye youth,  
Long live Bohemian truth !  
There we'll drink and there we'll go,  
Till the morning white doth grow !

*Translated from the Cech-Slavonian or Bohemian by CHARLES G. LELAND.*

## Bees.

*To dream of finding a bee is a sign that you will ere long have a new or another servant, and to find many, or a whole hive, presages that as many will obey you.*

ACHMET.

WHILE Chloe told her maid a score  
Of conquests made a night before ;  
And rapid ran them o'er in glee,  
Right in upon her flew a bee—  
“Help, help!” she cries with eager breath,  
“O help! dear Jane! I'm stung to death!  
The honey monster crush or chase—  
Oh dear! my bosom, lip and face!”  
But Chloe's sobs were balmy south,  
So the bee settled on her mouth ;  
And Chloe swoons as if she'd die,  
While Jane prepares to brain the fly.  
But the gay bee, discreet, though young,  
Guarded his person by his tongue :  
A moral bee (as beauties know)  
Can plead for life like Cicero :—  
“Pardon mistake, sweet Belle—heaven knows  
I took your *two lips* for a rose!”  
Excuse so palpable and neat  
Exalted Chloe from her seat :  
“Ah Jane! (she cries) put down the fan!  
I'd no more brain him than a man ;



Go lift the sash—he stung so light,  
 It seemed a mere mosquito bite;  
 Engaging creature!—I'll be bound  
 He left some honey on the wound!"

ANONYMOUS.

## Beheading.

*To dream of beheading or of seeing any one beheaded, is a favourable omen. To lovers it indicates speedy marriage—to prisoners a release. To dream that you are yourself beheaded indicates great firmness, energy, and nobility, for death by the axe belongs only to those of gentle blood.*

VON KLINGELBERG.

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign  
 Of guilt or fear were there,  
 He stood as proud by that death shrine  
 As even o'er despair  
 He had a power; in his eye  
 There was a quenchless energy,  
 A spirit that could dare  
 The deadliest form that death could take,  
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

I saw him once before; he rode  
 Upon a coal-black steed,  
 And tens of thousands thronged the road,  
 And bade their warriors speed.  
 His helm, his breastplate were of gold,  
 And graced with many a dint that told  
 Of many a soldier's deed;

The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,  
The headsman by his side,  
The plume, the helm, the charger, gone;  
The sword which had defied  
The mightiest, lay broken near;  
And yet no sigh or sound of fear  
Came from that lip of pride;  
And never king or conqueror's brow  
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
With an uncovered eye,  
A wild shout from the numbers broke  
Who thronged to see him die.  
It was a people's loud acclaim,  
The voice of anger and of shame,  
A nation's funeral cry;  
Rome's wail above her only son,  
Her patriot and her latest one.

· CRESCENTIUS, by L. E. L.

## Bells Ringing.

*To dream of the ringing of bells betokens grief, sorrow, and enmity.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

“ Is it not strange, that as ye sung,  
Seemed in mine ear, a death peal rung,  
Such as in nunneries they toll  
For some departing sister’s soul ?  
Say, what may this portend ?”—  
Then first the Palmer silence broke,  
(The live-long day he had not spoke,)  
“ The death of a dear friend.”

W. SCOTT.

Loud ringing changes all our bells have marred ;  
Jangled they have and jarred  
So long, they’re out of tune and out of frame ;  
They seem not now the same.  
Put them in frame anew, and once begin  
To tune them so that they may all chime in !

HERBERT.

There is a mighty Noyse of Bells  
Rushing from the Turret free ;  
A solemn tale of Truth it tells,  
O’er Land and Sea,  
How heartes be breaking fast, and then  
Wax whole againe.

MOTHERWELL.

From the tower,  
 Heavy, slow,  
 Tolls the funeral  
 Note of woe.

Sad and solemn, with its knell attending  
 Some new wanderer on the last way wending.

SCHILLER.



## Bewildered—Amazed.

*To dream that you are bewildered and puzzled is a sure  
 sign that you will soon receive news.*

VON KLINGELBERG.

As doctors in their deepest doubts,  
 Stroke up their foreheads hie ;  
 Or wen amazde their sorrow floats,  
 By squeaming with the eye :  
 Or as the mayde surcharged with woe,  
 Shewes water in her eyes,  
 Or as the schoolboye loth to goe  
 Doth truant scuse devise ;  
 Or as a wanton in her muse  
 Doth stand and bite the lip,  
 Or as the prisoner cannot choose  
 But stayes to take the whip ;  
 Even so stood he all spent and gone,  
 Solemnè deep possest ;  
 Anon he walks aside, alone,  
 And shewes his hearts molest.

THE ITALIAN TAYLOR AND HIS BOYE.

—In broken gleams  
 Glimmered the things I saw, so mixed with dreams  
 That vain confusion blinded every sense,  
 And knowledge left me. Then a sleep intense  
 Fell on my brain and held me as the dead,  
 Until a sudden tumult smote my head,  
 And a strong glare, as when a torch is whirled  
 Before a sleeper's eyes, brought back the world.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT. BAYARD TAYLOR.

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## Birds Singing.

*To dream that you hear birds singing, indicates that you will soon hear pleasant news.*

DAS REICHHALTIGE TRAUMBUCH.

ON May-day when the Larke began to rise,  
 To matins went the lusty Nightingale,  
 Within a temple shapen Hawthorn-wise,  
 He might not sleep in all the nightertale,  
 But "*Domine labia,*" gan he crie and gale,  
 "My lippes open, lord of love I crie,  
 And let my mouth thy praising now bewrie!"

"*Laudate,*" sang the Larke with voice ful shril,  
 And eke the Kite "*O admirabile,*  
 This quere wil thorow mine ears pers and thril,  
 But what, welcome this May season," quoth he,  
 And honour to the lord of love mote be,  
 That hath this feste so solemne and so hie,  
 "Amen," said all, and so said eke the Pie.

Thus sang they all the service of the feast,  
 And that was done right erly to my dome,  
 And furth goeth all the court both most and least,  
 To fetch the flowres fresh and branch and blome.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eke each at other threw the flowres bright,  
 The Primerose, the Violet and the gold,  
 So then as I beheld the royal sight,  
 MY LADY 'gan me sodenly behold,  
 And with a trew-love plited many a fold,  
 She smote me through the very heart as blive,  
 And Venus yet I thank I am alive.

CHAUCER.

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## Blood.

*To dream of collecting blood betokens gold, and success  
 in love.*

*To see blood running presages death.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

AND eke I saied I *met* (dreamed) of him all night,  
 He would a slaine me, as I lay upright,  
 And all my bed was full of very blood,  
 But yet I hoped truely he should doe me good:  
 For blood betokeneth GOLD as I was taught.

CHAUCER. THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

When day was gone and night had come,  
 And all men fast asleep,  
 Then came the spirit of fair Margaret,  
 And stood at William's feet.



Are you awake, sweet William? she said;  
Or sweet William are you asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding sheet.

When day was come and night was gone,  
And all men waked from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,  
Such dreams are never good:  
I dreamed my bower was full of red wine,  
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,  
They never do prove good;  
To dreame thy bower was full of red wine,  
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
By the leave of my ladiè.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
And who so ready as her seven breth'ren,  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,  
Pray let me see the dead;  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
She hath lost her cherry red.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
 Deal on your cake and wine;  
 For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
 Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,  
 Sweet William died the morrow.  
 Fair Marg'ret died for pure, pure love,  
 Sweet William died for sorrow.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

—♦—

## Boar.

*You will be betrayed, persecuted, and pursued.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

So on a day he laid him doune to slepe,  
 And so befel that in slepe him thought,  
 That in a forrest fast he walked to wepe,  
 For love of her that him these paines wrought,  
 And up and doune as he that forest sought,  
 He dremed he saw a BORE with tuskes great,  
 That slept ayenst the bright Sunnes heat.

And by this Bore, fast in her armes fold,  
 Lay kissing aye his Lady bright Creseide,  
 For sorrow of which, when he it gan behold,  
 And for dispite, out of his slepe he breide,  
 And loud he cried on Pandarus, and seide,  
 "Oh Pandarus, now know I crop and root,  
 I nam but dead, there nis none other boot."

CHAUCER.

—And more than so presenteth to mine eye  
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
 Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie,  
 An image like thyself, all stained with gore,  
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A wounded boar, flying before his spear,  
 Forsook the closer covert of the wood,  
 And, mad with terror, harrowed through the glades,  
 Trailing his life behind him. Towards the town,  
 Followed by Ugo and his baying hounds,  
 The forest ruffian sped; but when the dogs  
 Laid their hot muzzles to his straining flank,  
 Into the open road he plunged amain,  
 And scoured the fearful pathway.

BOOKER.



## Boat.

*To dream that you are floating over the water in a boat is a good omen, particularly if you are in love. But it is very unpropitious should you dream of being alone, or that the boat upsets.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

THERE, at unrest, in hard position,  
 Sudden he saw a dreary vision :  
 He dreamed that *in a lonely boat*,  
 He rocked upon the palace moat.

ALEXANDER'S VISION. ELLSWORTH.

*Irme quiero madre.*

“I’ll go to yon boat, my mother ;  
O yes ! to yon boat I’ll go ;  
I’ll go with the mariner, mother,  
And I’ll be a mariner, too !”

—“Tell me, ye waves, if ever  
A maid so bright and fair,  
Sailed o’er your foam ?” —“Ah never  
Was such a damsel there !”

—“Tis nothing to me, my mother,  
What love commands I’ll do ;  
I’ll go with the mariner, mother,  
And I’ll be a mariner, too.’

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

—A guideless boat came floating on,  
As ceased that low melodious swell,  
Sad as the water’s parting tone,  
That lingers still within the shell.

Sir Lancelot, with eager eye,  
Drew nigh the unwonted freight to greet :  
The wave heaved sullenly and high,  
And laid its burden at his feet.

He saw fair flowers and jewels bright,  
He saw a face of pallid hue ;  
And shrank, all heart-struck, at the sight,  
For well, alas ! that face he knew.

THE FUNERAL BOAT, by LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

## Books.

*Dream of holding a book, you may depend upon attaining great honour.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

*A blank-book signifies a maiden.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

TAKE back the virgin page,  
White and unwritten still;  
Some hand more calm and sage,  
The leaf must fill. \* \* \*  
Yet let me keep the book:  
Oft shall my heart renew,  
When on its leaves I look,  
Dear thoughts of you.  
Like you 'tis fair and bright;  
Like you, too bright and fair  
To let wild passion write  
One wrong wish there.

MOORE.

He sat and read. A book with silver clasps,  
All gorgeous with illuminated lines  
Of gold and crimson, lay upon a frame  
Before him. 'Twas a volume of old time;  
And in it were fine mysteries of the stars  
Solved with a cunning wisdom, and *strange thoughts,*  
*Half prophecy and poetry,* and dreams  
Clearer than truth; and speculations wild,  
That touched the secrets of your very soul,  
They were so based on Nature.

N. P. WILLIS.

## Bottle—Leather.

*Leather bottles presage a happy death.*

[This, from a MS. Oneirology, is the only reference to Bottles which I have found in any of the old dream books. It is from the Greek.]

'TWAS God above that made all things,  
The heavens, the earth, and all therein;  
The ships that on the sea do swim,  
To guard from foes that none come in;  
And let them do all that they can,  
'Tis but for one end—the use of man.  
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood?  
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;  
For if the bearer fall by the way,  
Why on the ground his liquor doth lay:  
But had it been in a leather bottèl,  
Although he had fallen, all had been well.  
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottèl at last grows old,  
And will good liquor no longer hold,  
Out of the side you may make a clout  
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;

Or take and hang it up on a pin,  
 'Twill serve to put hinges and old things in.  
 So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,  
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

FROM THE ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLY. 1682.



## Bow.

*To dream of finding a bended bow presages a happy journey and a prosperous return.*

ACHMET SEIRIM.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,  
 There was sent through Britain a bended bow,  
 And a voice was poured on the free winds far,  
 As the land rose up at the sound of war.

“ Heard ye not the battle horn ?  
 —Reaper ! leave the golden corn !  
 Leave it for the birds of heaven,  
 Swords must flash and spears be riven.  
 Leave it for the winds to shed—  
 Arm ! ere Britain’s turf grow red ! ”

And the reaper armed like a freeman’s son,  
 And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Prince ! thy father’s deeds are told,  
 In the bower and in the hold !  
 Where the goatherd’s lay is sung,  
 Where the minstrel’s harp is strung !  
 —Foes are on thy native sea—  
 Give our bards a tale of thee ! ”



And the prince came armed like a leader's son,  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Mother! stay thou not thy boy!  
He must learn the battle's joy.  
Sister! bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer!  
Maiden! bid thy lover part!  
Britain calls the strong in heart!”

And the bended bow and the voice passed on,  
And the bards made song for a battle won.

HEMANS.



## Bracelets—Jewellery.

*It is a favourable omen for a lady to dream of bracelets,  
for she shall obtain them.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

To SILVIA.

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will,  
And wretched I did see  
Thee discomposèd then, and still  
Art discontent with me.

One gem was lost, and I will get  
A richer pearl for thee,  
Than ever, dearest Silvia, yet  
Was drunk for Anthony.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what,  
 Thou for the breach shalt do ;  
 First crack the strings, and after that  
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

HERRICK.

Thy white arms are locked in  
 Broad bracelets of gold ;  
 Thy girdle-stead's gleaming  
 With treasures untold :  
 The circlet that binds up  
 Thy long yellow hair,  
 Is starred thick with jewels,  
 That bright are, and rare :  
 But gifts yet more princely  
 Jarl Egill bestows,  
 For girdle, his great arm  
 Around thee he throws.

MOTHERWELL.

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## Breeze.

*To dream of gentle breezes softly blowing (venti leniter et placidè spirantes) is a favourable sign for lovers.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

UP the dale and down the bourne  
 O'er the meadow swift we fly ;  
 Now we sing and now we mourn,  
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy fringed river,  
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;  
'Mid the lily leaves we quiver,  
To their *very hearts* we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
At the frolic things we say,  
While aside her cheeks were rushing,  
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
Kissing every bud we pass;  
As we did it in the bustle,  
Scarcely knowing what it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
O'er the yellow heath we roam;  
Whirling round about the fountain,  
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
While our vesper hymn we sigh:  
Then unto our rosy pillows  
On our weary wings we hie.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS, by G. DARNLEY.

## Bride.

*To see a bride adorned or dead, signifies joy and happiness.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,  
And both were fair and sweet :  
One in her wedding robe,  
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,  
The sacred rites were read ;  
And one for life to life,  
And one to Death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,  
In loveliness and bloom ;  
One in a merry castle,  
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke,  
In a world of sin and pain ;  
But the other was happier far,  
And never awoke again.

STODDARD.

Bride ! upon thy marriage day,  
When the gems in rich array  
Made the glistening mirror seem  
As a star reflecting stream ;

Did the fluttering of thy breath  
 Speak of joy or woe beneath. \* \* \*  
 There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,  
 Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,  
 Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,  
 Deaf to that wild funeral wail.

HEMANS.

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## Bridge.

*To dream of going under a bridge presages bitter disappointment, but to pass over it is a most favourable omen.*

NIC. VON KLINGELBERG.

God's blessing on the architects who build  
 The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses  
 Before impassable to human feet,  
 No less than on the builders of cathedrals,  
 Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across  
 The dark and terrible abyss of Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grave itself is but a covered bridge  
 Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.

LONGFELLOW.

### THE BRIDGE AND THE BROOK.

He casts his arms around her,  
 But ever finds her gone:  
 The love-span hath not bound her,  
 And still the brook runs on.

“Fair Sun!—be thou my dearest!”

She rose his love to gain  
In dreamy misty beauty,  
But sunk in storm and rain.

Leave not, for one above thee,  
A heart, once true for years :  
A few brief hours he'll love thee,  
Then cast thee back in tears.

C. G. LELAND.



## Brook—Rivulet.

*A brook running clearly and beautifully presages great pleasure in some company or assembly. If in a house, it denotes wealth.*

ACHMET SEIRIM.

A DREAM of beauty; of the laugh of waves,  
And the bright rushing of a swollen brook;  
Its bursting into light from sunless caves,  
Under the network of a woven nook,  
Which moss-grown roots entwined and roofed with green.  
Spangled with shining stones and sparry sheen:  
Silent and dark within its shadowy rest,  
The water lay, scarce heaving underneath  
The drooping brake-leaves or the trailing wreath  
Of lady-fern and moss upon its breast;  
Yet with a murmur rather felt than heard,  
That told the faint heart of the fountain stirred.

A dream of beauty; of the arching trees  
 Heavy with blossoms, and the cool fresh breeze  
 Curling the foam-wreaths in the brook's bright spring,  
 Silent no longer; with the pleasant gush  
 Of gurgling waters, and the frequent rush  
 Cleaving the air, of many a golden wing,  
 And the low rustling in the leaves o'erhead,  
 And the soft sunlight through the branches shed.

LILLA GRAHAM.

—It ceased, yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook,  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

COLERIDGE.

## Brother.

*To dream of a brother, according to ARTEMIDORUS, is ominous of misfortune. VON GERSTENBERGK declares that it presages a long life.*

RELUCTANT now, as night came on,  
 His lonely couch he pressed,  
 And wearied out he sunk to sleep—  
 To sleep,——but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
 Lord Edmund seemed to stand,



Such and so pale as when in death,  
He grasped his brother's hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

He started up, each limb convulsed  
With agonizing fear;  
He only heard the storm of night,—  
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm  
His inmost soul appals;  
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!  
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste; beneath the walls  
He saw the flood appear;  
It hemmed him round; 'twas midnight now;  
No human aid was near.

SOUTHEY.

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## Castle.

*If any one dream that he have a castle amid groves or floods, it behooveth him to look to his bodily welfare; and if he dream that trophies or signs of honour are borne away from these, it portends the death of noble ladies or of wise men.*

ACHMET, c. 256.

*Castles presage sorrow and bereavement.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That castle by the sea?

Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below ;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow.

“Well have I seen that castle,  
That castle by the sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime ?  
Didst thou hear from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme ?

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly ;  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to my eye.”

And sawest thou on the turrets  
The king and his royal bride ?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?  
And the golden crown of pride ?

Led they not forth in rapture  
A beauteous maiden there ?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair ?

“ Well saw I the ancient parents,  
 Without the crown of pride;  
 They were moving slow in weeds of woe,  
 No maiden was by their side!”

UHLAND.

*Translated by LONGFELLOW.*

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## Caverns.

*To dream of dwelling in a cavern, denotes that you will, notwithstanding all your abilities, remain hidden in obscurity, unless you make vigorous efforts to rise in the world.*

VON GERSTENBERGK, p. 71.

*Dark dens forbode suffering.*

JOH. PRÆTORIUS.

WE'LL dream of caverns in the lonely wild,  
 And dim light glistening from the crystal walls,  
 And o'er the Stygian waters, cold as snow,  
 That wash the statues rude, in rock, of men  
 Whose battle-axes of the flint-stone cut,  
 Clashed in the conflict centuries ago.  
 Such cooling dreams shall charm us, till again  
 We tempt the timid dwellers in the stream;  
 And the day grows rich as night steals on, like hopes  
 More brightly blooming 'neath Death's sable hour.

REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

——Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads her jealous wings,  
 And the Night Raven sings :  
 There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell !

MILTON.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight\*  
 His dwelling has. Low in a hollow cave,  
 Far underneath a craggy cliff, ypight,  
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave.

SPENSER.

One night, my task diurnal done,  
 (For I had travelled with the sun,  
 O'er burning sands, o'er snows,)  
 Fatigued, I sought the couch of rest ;  
 My wonted prayer to heaven addressed ;—  
 But scarce had I my pillow pressed,  
 When thus a vision rose :—

Methought, within a desert cave,  
 Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,  
 I suddenly awoke.  
 It seemed of sable night, the cell ;  
 Where, save when from the ceiling fell  
 An oozing drop, her silent spell  
 No sound had ever broke.

There, motionless, I stood alone,  
 Like some strange monument of stone,  
     Upon a barren wild ;  
 Or like (so solid and profound  
 The darkness seemed that walled me round)  
 A man that's buried under ground,  
     Where pyramids are piled.

Thus fixed, a dreadful hour I passed ;  
 And now I heard as from a blast,  
     A voice pronounce my name :  
 Nor long upon my ear it dwelt,  
 When round me 'gan the air to melt,  
 And motion once again I felt  
     Quick circling o'er my frame.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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## Change—Mutation.

*Changing and varied dreams are of good omen, especially to women, and to invalids.*

WEARIED and worn with musings deep,  
 Hearing no sound save the rustling of leaves,  
 Watching the network the spider weaves ;  
 The poet sank down in sleep.

Evening's shadows dimmed earth and sky,  
 Darkness, in vapors apparelled, drew near,  
 Bearing strange sounds to the slumberer's ear,  
 And visions to mock his eye.

Night bears on her forehead a frown ;  
 The hurricane's voice is surly and hoarse,  
 As it shakes the trees in its wrathful course,  
 And hurls their proud branches down.

Beauty and song and harmless mirth,  
 Joyous young forms, in the innocent dance,  
 Happy young hearts in love's rapturous trance,  
 And peace on the sleeping earth.

Prayer in the holy house of GOD ;  
 Hearts of humility, penitent tears—  
 Hopes of forgiveness contending with fears ;  
 And thoughts of the grave's green sod.

A vision of future delight :  
 Beauty in all things, and all things in One ;  
 Morning's first welcoming smile from the sun ;  
 The end of the dreaming night.

G. M. RADCLIFF.

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## Chefs or Dice.

*An evil dream, unless you seem to win.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I LAY beneath a rose-tree,  
 And felt the breezes blow :  
 They shook the rose-leaves o'er me  
 Like a shower of fragrant snow.  
 And still as the blossoms their pale leaves wept,  
 My eye-lids fell with them. I slept—and slept.

But soon to a scene Elysian  
 I wandered in a trice,  
 And saw in the land of vision  
 Two damsels casting dice ;  
 And while o'er me the rose-tree its white leaves wept,  
 They played for the dreamer who slept—and slept.

And I dreamed that the fairest won me  
 With a lucky "Venus throw,"  
 And lovingly gazed upon me,  
 And called me to rise and go,  
 And linger no longer where rose-trees wept ;  
 But I woke to my sorrow—no more I slept.

I would that the life which loans me  
 To sleep, ne'er called me to wake ;  
 And I wish that the maid who owns me  
 Had carried away her stake,  
 Nor left it lying where rose-leaves wept,  
 For another to steal while he slept—and slept.

C. G. LELAND.

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## Children—Infants.

*A dream of melancholy omen, generally foreboding sickness. Children running about a house betoken domestic trouble.*

I STOOD in a dream at the altar,—  
 But it was as an earthly bride ;  
 And Eleëmon, thy freedman,  
 Was the bridegroom at my side.



Thou, father, gavest me to him,  
 With thy free and full consent ;  
 And—why should I dissemble it?—  
 Methought I was content.

Months then and years were crowded  
 In the course of that busy night ;  
 I clasped *a baby* to my breast,  
 And, oh ! with what delight !

\* \* \* \* \*

For he too in the dreams of night  
 At the altar had seemed to stand ;  
 And to Eleëmon, his freedman,  
 Had given his daughter's hand.

Their offspring, courting his caress,  
 About his knees had thronged ;  
     A lovely progeny, in whom  
     When he was in the silent tomb,  
 His line should be prolonged.

SOUTHEY.

I in a vision went, and saw  
     From the low grave asunder breaking,  
 A face of beauty, smiling like  
     A baby's in the cradle waking.

ALICE CAREY

## Church.

*To dream of entering a beautiful church is a fortunate omen.*

ACHMET, c. 148.

As then they on my vision rose,  
The vaulted aisles I see,  
And desk and cushioned book repose  
In solemn sanctity,—  
The mitre o'er the marble niche,  
The broken crook and key,  
That from a bishop's tomb shone rich  
With polished tracery.

CROSWELL.

A dream wafts me back to childhood,  
And I shake my hoary head,  
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions,  
I thought were for ever fled!

There glistens o'er dusky foliag  
A lordly pile elate;  
I know these towers and turrets,  
The bridges, the massive gate.

I enter the chapel, and look for  
My ancestor's hallowed grave;  
'Tis here, and on yonder pillar,  
Is hanging his antique glaive.

## Cities.

*To dream of cities full of inhabitants and showing signs of prosperity is an excellent dream, not indeed for yourself, but for those friends and relations who are dear to you. But if the cities are ruined and desolate, your friends will meet with poverty and affliction.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

TOWRED cities please us then,  
And the busie humm of men.

MILTON. L'ALLEGRO.

And lo! even like a giant wight  
Slumbering his battle toils away,  
The sleep-locked CITY, gleaming bright  
With many a dazzling ray,  
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet. \* \*  
In this religious calm of night,  
Behold with finger calm and bright,  
Each tapering spire points to the sky,  
In a fond, holy ecstasy.

MOTHERWELL.

—Beautiful Seville!

Of which I've dreamed until I saw its towers  
In every cloud that hid the setting sun,—  
Saw its long trains of youths and maidens fair  
Sweep, like a sunlit stream, along the streets,—  
Saw its cathedrals vast, its palaces,  
Its marts o'erladen with the Indies' spoils,  
Its galleys rocking in the crowded bays,—  
Heard its loud hum by day, its airs by night  
Struck from guitars, that guide the busy feet  
Of busy youth across the springing ground.  
Methinks the moon shines brighter on Seville,  
And ev'ry star looks larger for mere joy!

BOKER.

I try to decipher the legend,  
 But a mist is upon my eyes,  
 Though the light from the painted window  
 Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly,  
 Thou standest before me now!  
 Yet thou from earth art vanished,  
 And over thee goes the plough.

CHAMISSO.

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## Climbing.

*If you dream of climbing or ascending to an elevated spot, and reach it; the sign is extremely favourable, indicating that you will accomplish what you most desire; but if you awake before attaining it, disappointment is pre-saged, with danger from sickness. According to the patriarch NICEPHORUS, to dream of ascending a mountain denotes great energy and success in worldly affairs—or, "montem ascendens, vim in negotiis significat."*

I CLIMBED the lonely mountain in dreams by storm and  
 night;

I sought the land of Roses—the land of crimson light.

I went to bring a garland from those mysterious plains,  
 A garland for my lady, from where the Elfin reigns.

But when returned again to earth, I thought no more of  
 love;

My only thought by night and day was that fair land above.

And though I nought remember of all I there have seen,  
My only thought by night and day is that I there have  
been.

And let the friends around me here speak kindly as they  
will ;  
I think of unknown gentle ones, whose hearts are kinder  
still.

Sweet gentle ones who wait for me—far in the distant  
Blue :

I long to join them once again, and bid the world adieu,

Like one who lingers night and day upon a lonely shore,  
And gazes o'er a silent sea for barks which come no more.

And there is many a man on earth, unfriended and alone,  
Who in the distant land of light is as a monarch known.

Farewell, sweet land of Vision—farewell, sweet land of  
Song !

Farewell, thou land of golden dreams, which I have loved  
so long !

But not farewell for ever—earth cannot always last,  
The spell which chills the soul at night with morning light  
is past.

## Clouds.

*To dream of white clouds presages happiness. To see them rising to the heavens indicates a journey to those who are at home, or a speedy return to those who are away; and a knowledge of hidden things to all. Golden or tawny clouds betoken ill fortune, misty or foggy clouds are a sign of anxiety and trouble, while black ones denote tempests and trouble.*

ARTEMIDORUS, l. 2, c. 40.

YE light, fantastic, fleecy clouds, that lie  
In lucid whiteness on the clear blue sky,  
Fancy has given ye shape, and form, and name,  
But as I gaze, ye seem no more the same;  
A tinge of gold your snowy whiteness streaks,  
A deeper glow with sudden glory breaks;  
Now, broken, faded, parted ye appear:  
Like floating atoms in the thin clear air—  
Thus fancy's airy fabrics often fly—  
Like the light clouds, upon the clear blue sky.

H.

### MAIDEN.

“I dreamed I saw a snowy cloud  
Sail like a spirit o'er the Blue,  
It bent not in its course, nor bowed;  
What meant the form of silver hue?”

(75)

## SEER.

“ A happy life—a title proud,  
A fortune grand, a lover true.”

## MAIDEN.

“ But ere my cloud its course had run,  
It changed its hue of snowy white :  
And melting in the setting sun,  
Died in a gold and crimson light !”

## SEER.

“ Thou’lt die at last a mournful nun,  
If I have read thy fortune right.”

VON HALLBERG.



## Coffin.

*To dream of an empty coffin presages that some one whose death you apprehend, will live. A coffin with a corpse forebodes death. A covered coffin is a sign of long life*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;  
And her sire, and the people are called to her bier.



Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud ;  
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud :  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :  
They marched all in silence—they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;  
“ Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :  
Why speak ye no word ?” said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ?”  
So spake the rude chieftain ;—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;  
“ And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :  
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen ;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn :  
’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :  
On a rock of the ocean, fair Ellen did seem ;  
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the deserts revealed where his lady was found ;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

## Country—Rural Scenes.

*To dream of being among beautiful rural scenes, decked with flowers, and fanned by pleasant breezes, denotes wealth, esteem, and especially, happiness in love.*

AGAIN in sleep, I walked by singing streams,  
And it was May-day in my Realm of Dreams :—  
The flowering pastures and the trees  
Were full of noisy birds and bees ;  
And swinging roses, like sweet censers, went,  
The village children making merriment,  
Followed by older people ;—as they passed  
One beckoned, and I joined the rest.  
We crossed the meadow—crossed the brook,  
And through the scented woodland took  
Our happy way, until we found  
An open space of vernal ground ;  
And there, around the flowery pole  
I joined the joyous throng and sang with all my soul !  
But when the little ones had crowned their queen,  
And danced their mazes to the wooded scene,  
To hunt the honeysuckles, and carouse  
Under the spice-wood boughs,—  
I turned and saw with wondering eye  
A maiden in a bower near by,  
Wreathed with unknown blossoms, such as bloom  
In orient isles, with wonderful perfume ;  
And she was very beautiful and bright.       \*       \*

And even I, by visions led,  
 The Arctic wastes of snow may stem ;  
 The Tartar's black tents view, or tread  
 Thy gardens, oh Jerusalem !

ALICE CAREY.

— ◆ —

## Crucifix.

*Great good fortune.*

VON KLINGELBERG.

—STEADILY worked the artist alone,  
 Carving the Christ from the ivory bone.  
 Again the bright presence shone around,  
 With a light more dazzling, more profound.  
 Through day, through night, through fair, through foul,  
 The artist worked with a single soul ;  
 And when hand would tire, or eye grow dim,  
 He looked at the stars that looked at him,  
 Until power and vision both were given—  
 And he carved the Christ by light from Heaven.  
 Under each cruel thorn-point, he hid  
 A world of grief, and each drooping lid  
 Was closed round its mortal tears of pain ;  
 But the nostrils curved, in proud disdain  
 Of Death and his feeble tyranny ;  
 And the mouth was calm with victory.

BOKER.

## Crying out—Calling.

*To dream that you hear any one crying out for aid, denotes that the person dreamed of is in imminent danger. Curious tales illustrating this ancient belief, may be found in PLUTARCH, and in APULEIUS.*

IN the night time, when I should take my rest,  
I weepe, I waile, I wet my bed with teares,  
And when dead sleepe my spirits hath apprest,  
Troubled with dreames, I fantasie vain feares,  
Mine husband's voice then ringeth at mine ears,  
Crying for helpe, O save me from the death !  
These villains heere do seeke to stop my breath !

G. FERRERS, 1610.

At length, into the obscure forest came  
The vision I had sought through grief and shame.  
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,  
When light is changed to love ; this glorious One  
Floated into the cavern where I lay,  
*And called my Spirit,* and the dreaming clay  
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below,  
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow  
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night  
Was penetrating me with living light :  
I knew it was *the vision* veiled from me  
So many years.

SHELLEY.

## Cupid.

*To dream of seeing the god of Love, either in person, or in pictures or statues, is a very favourable omen for lovers. But the dream is most favourable when you see him in white marble, for this denotes purity and constancy in love.*

VON KLINGELBERG.

OVER the mountains,  
And under the waves,  
Over the fountains,  
And under the graves ;  
Under floods which are deepest,  
Which do Neptune obey ;  
Over rocks which are steepest,  
Love will finde out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the gloweworm to lie,  
Where there is no space  
For the rest of a fly ;  
Where the gnat dare not venture,  
Lest herself fast she laye ;  
If Love comes, he'll enter,  
And will finde out the way.

Some thinke to lose him,  
Which is too unkinde ;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poore hearte, to be blinde :  
But if maiden be hidden,  
Do the beste that you maye,  
Blinde Love, if you so calle him,  
Will finde out the way.

Well maye the Eagle  
    Stoop down to the fist,  
Or you may inveigle  
    The Phoenix of the East ;  
With fear, tigers move  
    To give over their preye,  
But ne'er stop a lover,—  
    He will finde out the way.

From the courte to the cottage,  
    From bower to the hall ;  
From the kinge to the beggar,  
    True love conquers all.  
Though ne'er so stoute and lordly,  
    Strive or doe what you may,  
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,  
    Love will finde out the way.

If the earthe should part him  
    He would gallop it o'er,  
If the seas should o'erthwarte him  
    He would swim to the shore ;  
Should his love become a swallow  
    Through the air to straye,  
Love woulde lend wings to follow,  
    And finde out the way.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY, A.D. 1611.

## Daffodils.

*Daffodils presage good fortune to shepherds, and to all who are in trouble. But to the sick it is a sign of death.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

WHEN a daffodil I see,  
Hanging down's head towards me,  
Guess I may what I may be :  
First, I shall decline my head,  
Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
Lastly, safely buried.

HERRICK.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

WORDSWORTH.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
Stay, stay, until the hastening day  
Has run but to the even-song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.



We have short time to stay, as you;  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay;  
 As you, or anything: We die  
 As your hours do; and dry away  
 Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

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## Daisy.

*To dream of daisies presages noble, constant, and honourable love.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

OF whose invencion ye lovers may be glad,  
 For they bryng in the kalendes of Maye;  
 And ye with countenaunce demure, meke, and sad,  
 Owe for to worship the lustie floures alwaie,  
 And in especiall one is called *see of the daie*—  
 The Daisee, a floure white and rede,  
 And in French called *la bele Margarete*.

O commendable floure and most in mind,  
 A floure so gracious of excellence,  
 O amiable Margaréte—exalted of nature kind,  
 Unto whom I must resort with all my diligence;  
 With hart, wil and thought, with most lowly obedience,  
 Ey to be your servant, and ye my regent,  
 For lyfe ne death never to repent.

Though vnto me dredful were the chaunce,  
 No manner of gentilnesse oweth me to blame :  
 For I had lever suffer of death the penaunce,  
 Than she should for me have dishonor or shame,  
 Or in any wise lose a drop of her good name ;  
 So wisely God for His endlesse mercie,  
 Graunt every true love, to have ioy of his ladie.

CHAUCER.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere !  
 A pilgrim bold in nature's care,  
 And oft the long year through, the heir  
                                           Of joy or sorrow ;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
                                           The forest through !

WORDSWORTH.

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## Dancing.

*To dream of dancing, or of being present at a dance, presages a new friend. To the sick it is an omen of recovery.*

BUT this last night while sleeping as I lay,  
 Methought my chamber in a new array,  
     Was all bepaint with many diverss hue  
     Of all the nobill storys, old and new,  
 Since our first father formed was of clay.

Methought the list all bright with lampes light,  
 And therein entered many a lusty wight;  
     Sum young, sum old, in sundry wise arrayed;  
     Sum sang, sum danced, on instruments sum played,  
 Sum made disports with heartès glad and light.

Then came the ladies, dancing in a trace,  
 And Nobleness before them came a space,  
     Saying with cheer, beaming and womanly,  
     “ I see one here in bed oppressed lie :  
 My sisters, go, and help to get him grace ! ”

THE DREAME OF DUNBAR. Ob. 1520.

And do you never dream, love,  
     Of that enchanted well,  
 Where under the moonbeam, love,  
     The Fairies wove their spell ?  
 How oft we saw them greeting, love,  
     Beneath the blasted tree,  
 And heard their pale feet beating, love,  
     To their own minstrelsy ?

PRAED.

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## Danger—Peril.

*To dream of dangers and peril, forebodes many adventures, with a fortunate conclusion.*

VON GERSTENBERG'S DREAM LEXICON.

THE hall was cleared—the stranger's bed  
 Was there of mountain heather spread,  
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
 And dreamed their forest sports again.

But vainly did the heath-flower shed  
Its woodland fragrance round his head ;  
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest  
The fever of his troubled breast.  
*In broken dreams the image rose*  
*Of varied perils, pains and woes :*  
His steed now flounders in the brake,  
Now sinks his barge upon the lake ;  
Now leader of a broken host,  
His standard falls—his honour's lost !  
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might  
Chase that worst phantom of the night !—  
Again returned the scenes of youth,  
Of confident, undoubting truth ;  
Again his soul he interchanged  
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.  
They come, in dim procession led,  
The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;  
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
As if they parted yesterday.  
And doubt distracts him at the view ;  
O were his senses false or true ?  
Dreamed he of death or broken vow,  
Or is it all a vision *רור* ?

SCOTT.

## Darkness.

*To dream that you are in utter darkness, says a German Dream Book, presages despair and desolation. The agony of the night-mare is generally heralded by an appearance of sombreness or darkness over the scene. I do not remember to have seen this curious fact stated by any writer.*

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless ; and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.  
Morn came and went, and came and brought no day ;  
And men forgot their passions, in the dread  
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light ;  
And they did live by watch-fires ; and the thrones,  
And palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons. Cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,  
To look once more into each other's face. \* \*  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;  
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge :  
The waves were dead, the tides were in their grave ;  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

BYRON.

## Death.

*To dream of death and burial presages to the servant or slave, liberty and confidence from his master. For Death hath no lord, and he brings rest and peace. And to the single it betokens a wedding, for Death and Marriage are the limits of all earthly desire. And to the strong man it presages victory, for Death conquers all; while to the scholar it is a favourable sign, since books are the monuments and records of the long-departed.*

ARTEMIDORUS, c. 54, l. 2.

I DREAMT my lady came and found me dead,  
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think !)

SHAKSPEARE.

When death is coming near,  
When thy heart shrinks in fear,  
    And thy limbs fail,  
Then raise thy hands and pray  
To Him who smooths thy way  
    Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn ?  
Hear'st thou in the red morn  
    The angels' song ?  
O lift thy drooping head,  
Thou who in gloom and dread  
    Hast lain so long !

Death comes to set thee free ;  
 O meet him cheerily  
     As thy true friend,  
 And all thy fears shall cease,  
 And in eternal peace  
     Thy penance end.

LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

Who hath not been a poet ? who hath not  
 With Life's new quiver full of wingèd years,  
 Shot at a venture, and then, hastening on,  
 Stood doubtful at the parting of the ways ?  
 There once I stood in dream, and as I paused,  
 Looking this way and that, came forth to me  
 The figure of a woman veiled, who said :  
 " My name is DUTY ; turn and follow me !"  
 Something there was that chilled me, in her voice ;  
 I felt youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine,  
 As if to be withdrawn ; and I replied :  
 " O leave the hot wild heart within my breast  
 Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes DEATH !"  
 Then glowed to me a maiden from the left,  
 With bosom half disclosed, and naked arms  
 More white and undulant than necks of swans.  
 And all before her steps an influence ran,  
 Warm as the whispering south that opens buds,  
 And swells the laggard sails of northern May.  
 Suddenly shrank the hand ; suddenly burst  
 A cry that split the torpor of my brain,  
 And as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens  
 From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense :  
 " Save me !" it thrilled, " O hide me !—*there is DEATH !*



Death, the divider, the unmerciful,  
 That digs his pitfalls under love and youth,  
 And covers beauty up in the cold ground ;  
 Horrible DEATH ! bringer of endless dark !  
 Let me not see him !—hide me in thy breast !”

JAMES R. LOWELL.

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## Deer.

*To dream that you see a deer running, betokens that any plans which you are now projecting will speedily be accomplished. To kill a deer presages a legacy. A deer in your house is a sign of wealth. Deer-horns indicate honour and dignity. Deer, fighting, denote that the circle of your acquaintance will be greatly extended by a true friend. Deer sleeping in the woods, is an omen of innocence and content.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

THERE wandered three hunters by forest and crag,  
 And all to discover the snow-white stag.

They laid themselves under a sycamore-tree,  
 There came such a wonderful dream to the three.

### FIRST HUNTER.

“ I dreamt I was rapping and knocking around,  
 When out came the beautiful stag with a bound.”

## SECOND HUNTER.

“ And as he away o’er the rivulet sprang,  
I aimed with my rifle and blazed at him, bang !”

## THIRD HUNTER.

“ And as soon as I saw he was touched on the breath,  
I blew on the bugle, and sounded his death !”

And while ’neath the sycamore talking they lay,  
The stag darted out, and went running away.

And before the three huntsmen could kill him again,  
He was far far away, over valley and plain.

Hurrah ! slap bang ! tra la !

*Translated by C. G. LELAND, from UHLAND.*



## Delusion.

*To dream of being suddenly and unpleasantly deluded, or disappointed in our dreams, as for instance, if we awake when just about to embrace some loved object, denotes a long life.*

*Would I could dream of thee ! Thy thought  
Is all day long before my face ;  
But envious sleep hath ever brought  
Some shape thine image to displace.*

Yes—once, once only hath the night  
 Wrought thy bright semblance forth to me—  
 Oh! rapturous moment of delight!  
 Would I had died, sweet dream, in thee.

Thou, only named in thought—from this  
 Ecstatic vision slumber bore,  
 The morn, impatient of my bliss,  
 Enclasped my soul for evermore.

Would I could dream of thee—nor pine  
 With these unanswered longings rent—  
 Ah me! poor heart! that love like thine  
 Should seek with dreams to be content!

*With dreams!* yet what is life, alas!  
 But of the shadows that we see?  
 Visions of love and hope, that pass,  
 To mock us, like my dream of thee!

MARY E. HEWITT.

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## Departed.

*To dream of the departed or dead, is a sign indicative of neither good nor bad, if they express no emotion. If they appear angry it is an evil omen, but if pleasant and affable, you may anticipate great good fortune.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

THE departed! the departed!  
 They visit us in dreams;  
 And they glide above our memories,  
 Like shadows over streams:

But where the cheerful lights of home  
 In constant lustre burn,  
 The departed!—the departed  
 Can never more return.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
 Still on me sweetly fall :  
 Their tones of love I faintly hear  
 My name in sadness call.  
 I know that they are happy,  
 With their angel plumage on,  
 But my heart is very desolate  
 To think that they are gone !

PARK BENJAMIN.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom ;  
 Angels of fancy and of love be near,  
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom ;  
 Evoke the sacred shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
 And let them virtue, with a look impart.  
 But chief, awhile, O ! lend us from the tomb  
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Canto I.

I stood in shadowy dreams  
 And gazed upon her form ;  
 While o'er the face so dearly loved,  
 Strange life began to warm.

Around the sweet and child-like lips  
 There played a heavenly smile,  
 Though in her dark and lustrous eyes  
 A tear-drop shone the while.

And my own eyes were flowing too  
 In silent agony :  
 For oh,—I cannot deem it true  
 That thou art lost to me.

HEINE.

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## Digging.

*To dream of digging is a sign of wealth, also of finding something curious. Digging a grave presages a happy marriage to the single, and a happy family to the wedded.*

*Vittoria.* To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace  
 A dream I had last night.

*Brachiano.* Most wishedly.

*Vittoria.* A foolish idle dream :  
 Methought I walked, about the mid of night,  
 Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree  
 Spread her large root in ground. Under that yew,  
 As I sat sadly, leaning on a grave  
 Chequered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in  
 Your Duchess and my husband ; one of them  
 A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade,  
 And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me  
 About this yew.

*Brachiano.* That tree ?

*Vittoria.* This harmless yew.  
 They told me my intent was to root up  
 That well-known yew, and plant i' the stead of it,  
 A withered black-thorn ; and for that they vowed

To bury me alive. My husband straight  
 With pick-axe 'gan to dig; and your fell Duchess  
 With shovel,—like a fury, voided out  
 The earth, and scattered bones:—Lord, how, methought,  
 I trembled, and yet for all this terror  
 I could not pray.

*Flamineo (aside).* No: the devil was in your dream.

*Vittoria.* When to my rescue there arose, methought,  
 A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm  
 From that strong plant;—

And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,  
 In that base shallow grave which was their due.

*Flamineo (aside).* Excellent devil! She hath taught  
 him in a dream,  
 To make away his Duchess, and her husband.

WEBSTER.

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## Dog Barking.

*To dream of dogs barking, denotes that you are in danger  
 from enemies.*

NICEPHORUS.

I SLEPT and dreamed—no pleasant dream  
 Was that which o'er my spirit swept,  
 For dark and drear the land did seem,  
 Wherein I wandered as I slept:  
 And at my heels an angry hound  
 Seemed, ever vexing, still to prowl;  
 Yet vanished when I looked around,  
 With sudden bark or wailing howl.

I started up with knitted brow,  
 I saw the moonlight through the pane,  
 I slept once more—I know not how—  
 But heard the dream-dog bark again :  
 And wild and fierce his cry rang out,  
 A cry that *would not* be subdued ;  
 Once more I woke with angry shout,  
 And gained my feet in wrathful mood.

Lo! by my bedside stood my foe,  
 With dagger drawn and gleaming eye :  
 “ ’Tis well !” I cried, with sudden blow,  
 “ For of us twain, the one must die !”  
 Short work was there—no time for prayer,  
 My blow had ended all our strife :  
 But as I saw his poignard bare,  
 I thanked the dream-dog for my life.

ANONYMOUS.

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## Doves.

*To dream of doves, presages pleasant and agreeable relations with the gentler sex; for they are birds sacred to Venus,—ring-doves referring indeed to those of evil life, but the house-pigeon to honest maidens and matrons. But they all invariably betoken friendship, alliance, and conciliation.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

—BUT a form unseen was near him,  
 Ever on his perilled way,  
 O’er the roaring pass to cheer him,  
 On the giddy steep to stay.



Oft in sleep it rose before him,  
 Visibly a snow-white dove,  
 And through swooping falcons bore him  
 To a world of peace and love.

W. P. PALMER.

“What is that, mother?” *The Dove*, my son.—  
 And that low sweet voice, like a widow’s moan,  
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
 Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
 For her distant dear one’s quick return.  
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—  
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

G. W. DOANE.



## Dragon.

*He who dreams of slaying a dragon shall gain a kingdom.*

ACHMET SEIRIM.

OH! there was a dragon—a dragon of might—  
 Once lived in yon mountain gray;  
 Like a monster of ton, he went raking all night,  
 And dozed nearly all the day.  
 And there was a king with a gallant ring  
 Of nobles stout and good,  
 And he had a daughter by all confessed  
 The mirror of maidenhood.  
 So the dragon came down one summer night,  
 And ceremony scorning,

He twisted his tail round the virgin bright,  
And was off at a moment's warning.

Then up and arose Sir Siegfried bold,  
To the dragon's rock he sped :  
"What ho ! thou traitor linden-worm,  
I am come for thy craven head !"  
One sweep of his good sword Balmung,  
And he cut the beast in twain,  
As lightly as a skilful leech  
Would breathe a lady's vein.

And the monarch hath taken Sir Siegfried's hand,  
And called him his son :  
*A kingdom and a bride, the knight  
By a single blow hath won !—*  
O ! had the doughty champion  
But a little prudence known,  
With the kingdom he had been content,  
And left the bride alone !

LAYS OF THE RHINE, by J. R. PLANCHE.

## Drinking.

*To dream of drinking cold fresh water, presages great wealth or a triumph. Warm water, sickness or persecution. Wine betokens patronage from some great person, and speedy prosperity.*

AND we will dream  
Of icy drinks that float the fragrant rind  
Of the golden lemon.

REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,  
 A crawling vine, about Anacreon's head ;  
 Flushed was his face, his hair with oil did shine,  
 And as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine ;  
 Tipped he was, and tipping lisped withal ;  
 And lispng, reeled, and reeling, like to fall.  
 A young enchantress close by him did stand,  
 Tapping his bosom with a myrtle wand :  
 She smiled—he kissed ; and kissing, thought to woo,  
 For which, methought, in pretty anger she  
 Snatched off his crown, and gave the wreath to me.

HERRICK.

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## Drowning.

*To dream of drowning alone, presages the acquisition of money or property ; but if drowned by another person, it is ominous of loss or ruin.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

O! I HAVE passed a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night. \* \* \*

Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;  
 And in my company my brother Gloster :  
 Whom from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches ; thence we looked toward England,  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
 That had befallen us. As we paced along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!  
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;  
 Wedges of gold; great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

KING RICHARD III.

## Eagle.

*To see an eagle perched on a high crag or tree, or other lofty place, is a good omen for the brave and bold, but evil for cowards; and it is also an encouraging sign to dream that you behold one calmly soaring above. But to be borne away upon an eagle presages death to kings and magnates.*

ARTEMIDORUS, lib. 2, cap. 20.

—THOU art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
 And the waves are white below,  
 And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
 They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
 To lands beyond the sea,  
 And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
 Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,  
 In thy imperial name,  
*The hearts of the bold and ardent dare*  
*The dangerous path of fame.*  
 Beneath the shade of thy golden wings  
 The Roman legions bore,  
 From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
 Their pride to the polar shore.

PERCIVAL.

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## Eating.

*To dream of eating with enemies, presages a reconciliation with them.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

WHEN at the board, let hate forget  
 The bitterest words of yesterday ;  
 For where the bread and salt have met,  
 All thoughts of death should pass away.

I swore that Wassili should die,  
 Wherever Wassili I found ;  
 If every friend and foe stood nigh,  
 If all the deaths were laughing round,  
 —But one short dream has blown my rage  
 To heaven above, or hell below ;

Far as the wild wolf hunts the deer,  
Far as the *Wingas* drives the snow.

I dreamed last night we met at board,  
And eat together, frank and free ;  
I gave him bread—I gave him salt,  
And he poured *votka* out for me.  
The man who sees the sun in sleep  
Should never wake to seek for showers :  
And if I love *in dreams*, I'll keep  
No hatred for my waking hours.

For at the board, let hate forget  
The bitterest words of yesterday ;  
And where the bread and salt have met,  
All thoughts of death should pass away.

*Imitated from the Russian by CHARLES G. LELAND.*



## Eggs.

*To dream of eggs, is favourable to physicians and artists.  
To others it portends the acquisition of money—dearly  
bought by cares, strife, and anxiety.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*Holding or cooking eggs presages sorrow, but to eat them  
when cooked is a sign of wealth.*

NICEPHORUS.

*Quam pulchra sunt ova  
Cum alba et nova  
In stabulo scite leguntur ;*

*Et a Margery bella  
 Quæ festiva puella!  
 Pinguis lardi cum frustris coquuntur.*

*Ut belles in prato  
 Aprico et lato  
 Sub sole tam læte renident,  
 Ova tosta in mensa  
 Mappa bene extensa  
 Nitidissima lance consistent.*

Oh! tis eggs are a treat,  
 When so white and so sweet,  
 From under the manger they're taken,  
 And by fair Margery;  
 Och! 'tis she's full of glee,  
 They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread  
 O'er a broad sunny mead,  
 In the sunbeams so beautifully shining,  
 Are fried eggs fair displayed  
 On a dish, when we've laid  
 The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

FATHER PROUT'S RELICS.



## Emerald.

*He who dreams of green gems (prasini coloris), will become renowned, and meet with truth and fidelity.*

ACHMET SEIRIM, c. 247.

It is a gem which hath the power to show  
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no :  
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring,  
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.

—Take back again your emerald gem,  
There is no colour in the stone ;  
It might have graced a diadem,  
But now its hue and light are gone.

Take back your gift and give me mine—  
The kiss that sealed our last love vow ;  
Ah ! other lips have been on thine—  
My kiss is lost and sullied now !

The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,  
And more than either you are changed ;  
But my true love has altered not,  
My heart is broken—not estranged !

LONDON.

For it is said, and hath be said full yore,  
The emeraud greene, of parfite chastitie,  
Stole ones away may not recouered be.

CHAUCER.

The verdant, gay green smaragdus,  
Most sovereign over passion.

DRAYTON.

## Entertainments.

*To dream that you are called to feasts or entertainments, presages unexpected good fortune and success in your undertakings.*

DREAM LEXICON OF HENRY VON GERSTENBERGK.

I DREAMED that I sat on a palace step,  
    Wrapped up in a mantle thin ;  
And I gazed with a smile on the world without,  
    With a growl at my world within :  
Till I heard the merry voices ring  
    Of a lordly companie ;  
And straight to myself I began to sing,  
    It is there that I ought to be.

And long I gazed through a lattice raised,  
    Which smiled from the old gray wall,  
And my glance went in with the evening breeze,  
    And ran o'er the revellers all ;  
And I said, if they saw me, 'twould cool their mirth  
    Far more than this wild breeze free ;  
But a merrier party was ne'er on earth,  
    And among them I fain would be !

And oh, but they all were beautiful,  
    Fairer than fairy-dreams ;  
And their words were sweet as the wind-harp's tone,  
    When it rings o'er summer streams ;  
And they pledged each other with noble mien ;  
    " True heart with my life to thee !"

“Alack !” quoth I—“but my soul’s a-dry,  
And among them I fain would be !”

And the gentlemen were noble souls,  
Good fellows, both sain and sound ;  
I had not deemed that a band like this  
Could over the world be found.  
And they spoke of brave and beautiful things,  
Of all that was dear to me ;  
And I thought, “Perhaps they would like me well,  
If among them I once might be !”

And lovely were the ladies too  
Who sat in the light bright hall,  
And one there was—oh dream of life !  
The loveliest mid them all ;  
She sat alone by an empty chair :  
The queen of the feast was she ;  
And I said to myself, “By that lady fair  
I certainly ought to be.

And aloud she spoke, “We have waited long  
For one who in fear and doubt  
Looks wistfully into our Hall of Song,  
As he sits on the steps without.  
I have sung to him long in silent dreams,  
I have led him o’er land and sea ;  
Go welcome him in as his rank beseems,  
And give him a place by me !”

They opened the door—yet I shrunk with shame  
As I sat in my mantle thin,  
But they haled me out with a joyous shout,  
And merrily led me in.

They gave me a place by my bright-haired love,  
 As she wept with joy and glee;  
 And I said to myself, "By the stars above!  
 I am just where I ought to be!"

Farewell to thee—life of joy and grief!  
 Farewell to thy care and pain!  
 Farewell thou vulgar and selfish world!  
 For I never will know thee again.  
 I live in a land where good fellows abound,  
 In Thelemé—by the sea;  
 They may long for a happier life that will,  
 I am just where I ought to be!

CHARLES G. LELAND.

## Evil Spirits.

*To see evil and unnatural forms in dreams betokens treacherous offers and suggestions. To strive and fight them is a sign of imminent danger, but to overcome them implies a signal triumph. To be called by them forebodes ill-fortune, but generally, sickness.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

THE forms which peopled this terrific trance  
 I well remember—like a quire of devils,  
 Around me they involved a giddy dance;  
 Legions seemed gathering from the misty levels  
 Of ocean, to supply those ceaseless revels,

Foul, ceaseless shadows :—thought could not divide  
 The actual world from these entangling evils,  
 Which so bemocked themselves, that I descried  
 All shapes like mine own self, hideously multiplied.

SHELLEY.

Mine eyes were opened then,  
 And the veil which conceals  
 The Invisible World was withdrawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

And through those open gates  
 The Fiends were swarming forth ;  
 Hastily, joyfully,  
 As to a jubilee  
 The spirits accursed were trooping up ;  
 They filled the streets,  
 And they bore with them curses and plagues ;  
 And they scattered lies abroad,  
 Horrors, obscenities,  
 Blasphemies, treasons,  
 And the seeds of strife and death.

SOUTHEY.



## Faces.

*To dream of beautiful faces, presages honour and a long healthy life. Ugly faces, especially if grimacing, denote the reverse.*

REICHHALTIGES TRAUM BUCH,

YET have I still dreamed on !  
 Day and night, I have seen glorious eyes

Whose lightning pierced into my very soul,  
 Or in the calmer moods of sleeping thought  
 Have bowed beneath the gentler glance of love,  
 Until my heart was drunken as with wine  
 I have seen lips whose beauty could compare,  
 So strange their charm, with nothing but themselves ;  
 And cheeks which even Sleep himself would blush  
 To liken to the leaves of the June rose :  
 I have seen brows whose whiteness would compare  
 With virgin marble, but there was a warmth,  
 The very stone would envy had it heart ;  
 And I have dreamed of clustering hair that stole  
 Light from the sun, to fling amid its silk,  
 Until the sun grew dim.

C. E. D. M.

When the purple tinge of day  
     Fades amid the golden even,  
 And like light upon our way,  
     Brighter, better thoughts are given ; \* \*  
 Comes a vision unto me,  
     Eyes of violet lustre deep ;  
 Hair that floats so goldenly,  
     'Mid whose waves the sunbeams sleep ;  
 Mouth that wears the same sweet smile  
     Like the gentle starlight beaming,  
 And my thoughts are sad the while,  
     Monuments of past hours seeming.

ANONYMOUS.



## Farewell.

*To dream of bidding farewell, or of departing without returning, betokens death.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

FARE thee well, fare thee well !  
Most beautiful of earthly things,  
I will not bid thy spirit stay,  
Nor link to earth those glittering wings  
That burst like light away !  
I know that thou wert gone to dwell  
In the sunny home of the fresh day-beam.  
Before decay's unpitying tread  
Hath crept upon the dearest dream  
That ever came and fled.  
Fare thee well, fare thee well !  
And go thy way, all pure and fair,  
Into the starry firmament,  
And wander there with the spirits of air,  
As bright and innocent.

Fare thee well, fare thee well !  
See ! I have been to the sweetest bowers,  
And culled from garden and from heath  
The tenderest of all tender flowers,  
And blended in my wreath  
The violet and the blue-harebell,  
And one fair rose in its earlier bloom.  
Alas ! I meant it for thy hair,  
And now I fling it on thy tomb,



To weep and wither there !  
 Fare thee well, fare thee well !  
 Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade,  
 Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token !  
 A fairer flower shall never fade,  
 Nor a fonder heart be broken !

PRAED.

Three riders went out at a castle gate,  
 Farewell !  
 Their loves at the window were weeping thereat,  
 Farewell !  
 And since, alas ! we must parted be,  
 Then give me thy ring to remember thee ;  
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !  
 Such parting 'twere pity to tell !

There is one who parts us,—'tis DEATH, the churl,  
 Farewell !  
 He taketh so many a rosy girl,  
 Farewell !  
 He parteth so many a husband and wife  
 That made for each other such pleasure in life,  
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !  
 Such parting 'twere pity to tell !

He taketh the child in the cradle laid,  
 Farewell !  
 Oh ! when shall I meet my nut-brown maid ?  
 Farewell !  
 Ah, not on the morrow ! oh, were it to-day !  
 For both of us then would be happy and gay !  
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !  
 Such parting 'twere pity to tell !

*German Ballad, translated by CARL BENSON.*

## Fire.

*To dream of an ordinary fire, burning briskly upon the hearth, is a favourable sign for those who desire to live happily at home, but a large fire or conflagration presages dire calamities. An extinct fire portends death or disappointment.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

BENIGNANT is the might of flame,  
When man keeps watch and makes it tame ;  
But fearful is this Heaven's force  
When all unfettered in its course  
It steps forth on its own fierce way \* \* \* \*  
Blood-red now  
Heaven is flushing ;  
That is not the daylight's glow !  
What a rushing  
Streets all up !  
Smoke rolls up !  
Flickering mounts the fire-column,  
Through the long streets onward growing,  
Going swift as winds are going ;  
As from out a furnace rushing,  
Glowes the air, and beams are crashing,  
Pillars tumble, children crying,  
Windows breaking, mothers flying ;

Mid the ruin  
Beasts are lowing ;  
All is fleeing, saving, running,  
Light as day the night's becoming ;  
Through the chain of hands, all vying,  
Swiftly flying,  
Goes the bucket ; bow-like bending,  
Spouts the water high ascending.  
Howling comes the blast, befriending  
The flame, it roaring seeks and fans.  
Crackling midst the well-dried grains,  
Seizing on the granary chambers,  
And the dry wood of the timbers,  
And, as if it would, in blowing,  
Tear the huge bulk of the world  
With it, in its flight uphurled,  
Mounts the flame to heaven, growing  
Giant tall !  
Hopeless all,  
Man to God at last hath yielded,  
Idly sees what he hath builded,  
Wondering, to destruction going.

SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL, *translated by W. H. FURNESS.*

## Firebrand—Torch.

*To dream of seeing a lighted torch in the hands of another person, forebodes evil. A torch or firebrand burning by itself, signifies a reward; if extinguished, it indicates arrest by justice. If a woman dreams of lighting a torch with ease, she will be fortunate in her children; if with difficulty, the contrary. For young people to dream of carrying torches, presages the best fortune in love, success in every undertaking, triumph over enemies, and honour and regard.*

HENRY VON GERSTENBERG'S DREAM LEXICON.

By dream I saw one of the three  
Sisters of Fate appear to me.  
Close to my bed's side she did stand,  
Showing me there a firebrand :  
She told me, too, as that did spend,  
So drew my life unto an end.  
Three-quarters were consumed of it ;  
Only remained a little bit,  
Which will be burnt up by and by ;  
Then Julia, weep, for I must die.

HERRICK.

## Fishing.

*A fish, according to the symbolism of the early church, indicated Christ, but among the Gothic free-masons, it was a type of voluptuousness and pleasure. To catch many and great fishes in dreams, says ARTEMIDORUS, is a pleasant and lucrative omen to all save those who exercise a sedentary calling.*

THE waters rose—the waters swelled,  
A fisher sat thereby ;  
And quietly his angle held,—  
Chilled to the heart was he.  
The water in dreamy motion kept  
As he sat in dreamy mood ;  
A wave hove up—a damsel stepped  
All dripping from the flood.

She sang to him—she spake to him,  
“ Why dost thou lure away  
My sweet brood, by thy human art,  
To the deadly light of day ?  
Ah, knewest thou how light of heart  
The little fishes live,  
Thou would'st come down all as thou art,  
And thy true life receive.

Loves not the sun with all his beams,  
Loves not the moon by night,  
To bathe awhile my dew and rise  
All trembling, doubly bright ?

And tempt thee not the eternal skies  
 Here spread in watery blue?  
 And tempt thee not thine own dark eyes,  
 Down, through the eternal dew?"

The water rose—the water swelled,  
 It wetted his bare feet;  
 A something rose within his heart,  
 He seemed his love to meet.  
 She spoke to him, she sung to him,  
 With him 'twas quickly o'er:  
 Half drew she him, half sunk he in—  
 And ne'er was heard of more.

GOETHE.

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## Flowers.

*To dream of flowers, is a most auspicious omen—but  
 only if they be in season.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*Flowers out of season portend death.*

ACHMET.

I DREAMED that as I wandered by the way,  
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Among a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou might'st in a dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets ;  
 Faint ox-lips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower which wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

Methought that of these *visionary flowers*  
 I made a nosegay \* \* then elate and gay  
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
 That I might there present it !—Oh ! to whom ?

SHELLEY.

*Flowers !* WINTER FLOWERS !—the child is dead,  
 The flowers cannot speak :  
 Oh softly couch his little head,  
 Or Mary's heart will break !  
 Amid those curls of flaxen hair  
 This pale pink riband twine,  
 And on the little bosom there  
 Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone  
 The confined infant lies !  
 Look, mother, on thy little one,  
 And tears will fill thine eyes !  
 She cannot weep, more faint she grows,  
 More deadly pale and still :  
*Flowers !* oh, a flower ! A WINTER ROSE !  
 That tiny hand to fill.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



## Flying.

*To dream of flying, presages both pleasure and peril.*  
Volare in somnis, signum est dignitatis. *To fly in dreams,*  
*betokens eminence.*

NICEPHORUS.

As one enamoured is upborne in dream  
O'er lily-paved lakes mid silver mist,  
To wondrous music.

SHELLEY.

Oh, what a dainty pleasure 'tis,  
    To ride in the air  
    When the moon shines fair,  
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss !  
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
Over seas, our mistress' fountains ;  
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,  
We fly by night, 'mong troops of spirits ;  
No ring of bells to our ears sounds ;  
No howl of wolves, no yelps of hounds ;  
No, not the noise of water's breach,  
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

MIDDLETON.

And hastily by both the armès twain  
I was araised up into the air,  
Held in a cloud of crystal, clere and fair, \* \*  
Ascending upward, aye from spere to spere,

Through aire and water, and the hot fyre ;  
 Till yt I come unto the circle clear,  
 Off signifere,\* quhare fair leyt and schere  
 The signes schone.

KING'S QUAIR, by JAMES I.

With an airy springy motion,  
 Over mountain—over ocean,  
                                           In our dreams.  
 Ever in the sun's bright glances,  
 As a bright mote upward dances  
                                           In its gleams.

ANONYMOUS.

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## Forgotten Dreams.

*Dreams which we strive in vain to recall, yet of which a vague sentiment continues to perplex the mind, are ominous of loss.*

JOH. PRÆTORIUS.

AND my dream, my dream Elysian,  
 Oh, the bright, the glorious vision !  
 It had passed upon those waters to the deep and distant  
           sea :  
 Will it never more return  
 From that dark and dreary urn ?  
 Oh ! will no other streamlet, turning, bring it back to me ?  
           “ Never, never,” sung the river,  
           “ What is gone, is gone for ever,  
 And no streamlet flowing onward, ever may turn back again.

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\* The Zodiac.

Forward, with a ceaseless motion :  
 Forward, out into the ocean ;  
 Forward—forward—carrying all things on to pour into the  
 main.”

ANONYMOUS.

And like the baseless fabric of this vision, \* \*  
 Leave not a wrack behind.

SHAKSPEARE.

—Then all the charm  
 Is broken—all that phantom world so fair,  
 Vanishes ; and a thousand circlets spread,  
 And each misshapes the other. Stay awhile,  
 Poor youth ! who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes—  
 The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
 The visions will return ! And lo, he stays,  
 And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
 The pool becomes a mirror.

*Quoted in COLERIDGE'S SIBYLLINE LEAVES.*

—What thou see'st  
 Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream.

SHELLEY.

## Fountain.

*To dream of a pure clear fountain, is a sign that all troubles will vanish.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

I SAW a famous fountain in my dream,  
Where shady pathways to a valley led ;  
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,  
And all around the fountain brink were spread  
Wide branching trees with dark-green leaf rich-clad,  
Forming a doubtful twilight.       \*       \*       \*  
The place was such, that whoso entered in,  
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,  
And straight became as one that knew not sin,  
Or to the world's first innocence was brought.

CHARLES LAMB.

Lo ! this fount is flowing ever,  
But the fountain prattles never.  
Traveller ! at this fountain stay,  
Learn of it with pure endeavour  
Good to do, and nothing say.

RAMLER. *Translated by* MRS. FOLLEN.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night !

---

Into the star-light  
Rushing in spray ;  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery ;  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary ;—

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best ;  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest ;—

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element ;

Glorious fountain !  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward like thee !

JAS. RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Game—Sport.

*Agreeable company with merry games, is, according to ARTEMIDORUS, a favourable omen, but according to VON GERSTENBERGK, it is a token of death.*

IN Pescod time, when hound to horn  
Gives ear till buck be killed,  
And little lads with pipes of corn  
Sit keeping beasts a-field ;

Then down I laid me by a stream,  
With boughs all over-clad,  
And there I met the strangest dream  
That ever shepherd had :

Methought I saw each Christmas game,  
Each revel, all and some,  
And everything that I can name,  
Or may in fancy come.

\* \* \* \* \*

But whither went this "merry band,"  
Our Lord himself doth know,  
For then full loudly crowed the cock,  
And I awakèd so.

"A dream," quoth I, "a dog it is,  
I take thereon no keep,  
I gage my head, *such toys as this*  
*Do spring from lack of sleep.*"

## Garden.

*To dream of a beautiful garden with many flowers, is a favourable omen. But if it be silent and no one remaining therein, it presages sorrow and grief.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

*To dream of the ringing of bells, betokens grief, sorrow, and enmity.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

IN fairest garden wandered  
Two lovers hand in hand,  
Two pale and phantom beings,  
They sat in a flowery land.

On the cheek they kissed each other ;  
They kissed with mouth to mouth ;  
They lay in close embraces,  
They were fair and full of youth.

Two dismal bells were pealing—  
*The dream* had passed away.  
She in her convent chamber,  
He in a dungeon, lay.

UHLAND.

On a still silent night, scarce could I number  
One of the clock, but that a golden slumber



Had locked my senses fast, and carried me  
Into a world of blest felicity,  
I know not how : First to a garden, where  
The apricock, the cherry, and the pear,  
The strawberry, and plumb, were fairer far  
Than the eye pleasing fruit that caused the jar  
Betwixt the goddesses, and tempted more  
Than fair Atlanta's ball, though gilded o'er.

THE DREAME, by SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Have I not dreamed this self-same dream  
Ere now in happier hours?  
These trees the very same do seem,  
Love glances, kisses, flowers.

Was it not here that calm and cold,  
The moon looked down in state?  
Did not these marble gods then hold  
Their watch beside the gate?

Alas ! I know how sadly change  
These all-too-lovely dreams ;  
And as with snowy mantle strange  
All chill enveloped seems.

So we ourselves grow calm and cold,  
Break off and live apart ;  
Yes, we—who loved so well of old,  
And kissed with heart to heart.

HEINE.

## Garments.

*To dream of finding apparel, indicates constant prosperity. To wash garments, betokens, according to the German dream prophets, travelling, or a sudden change in affairs. To buy or make clothes, presages festivity and merriment. To dream of wearing torn and dirty apparel, implies strife and quarrel. To put on very costly and ornamented clothes, is a sign that if poor you are in danger of contracting troublesome debts. To be handsomely and becomingly dressed is favourable to your prospects in life, particularly if the clothes be new. If the clothes be white, you will succeed in your first undertaking and prosper in love. Black is unlucky. Blue denotes happiness, yellow inclines to good fortune, purple and scarlet are ominous of evil, but crimson presages a happy old age. A variety of colours betokens a strange and eventful life. To dream of wearing your usual garments at the proper season of the year, is fortunate, says ARTEMIDORUS (Oneirocritica. De Vestitu, c. 3, l. 1), and indicates a continuance of good health.*

THIS night before the dawning clear,  
Methought St. Francis did to me appear  
With a religious habit in his hand ;  
And said, " In this go clothe thee, my servant,  
Refuse the world, for thou must be a Friar !"

Quoth I, " Saint Francis, loving be thee till,  
 And thanked mote thou be of thy good will  
 To me, that of thy clothès art so kind :  
 But them to *wear* it ne'er came in my mind ,  
 Sweet Confessor, pray take it naught in ill,  
 Of full few friars that have been saints we read—  
 Wherefore go bring to me a *Bishop's* weed !"

The friar that did Sanct Francis there appear  
 A fiend he was, in likeness of a friar :  
 He vanished away in foul and sorry smoke,  
 With him methought all the house-end he took,  
 And I awoke as one in dread and fear.

*Modernized from WILLIAM DUNBAR. Ob. 1520.*



## Gems.

*To dream of gems, is a most fortunate and favourable omen. But to lose them, forebodes evil.*

ONE night I laid me down to sleep,  
 And in my dreams I saw  
 A wondrous sight, that filled my soul  
 With fond religious awe.

Under the loved old trees, methought,  
 And in their double shade,  
 I saw a lofty wall run round  
 Of solid silver made.

High rose its purpled pinnacles  
 Of bright and burnished sheen,  
 Until they hid their shining heads  
 Among the mingled green.

Upon the eastern side, a gate  
 Of fretted gold was placed,  
 And studded thick with precious stones  
 That in the sunbeams blazed.

The diamond bright, the sapphire blue,  
 The emerald so green,  
 The ruby red, the onyx stone,  
 And topaz there were seen.

THE DREAM OF A CHILD, by JOHN RHEYN.

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## Gypsy.

*To dream of seeing a gypsy, is fortunate for lovers, but  
 for none others.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

LOVE, like a gypsy, lately came,  
 And did me much importune  
 To see my hand, that by the same  
 He might fortel my fortune.

He saw my palm; and then, said he,  
 I tell thee by this score here  
 That thou, within few months, shall be  
 The youthful Prince D'Amour here.

HERRICK.

A gypsey stripling's sparkling eye  
 Has pierced my bosom's core ;  
 A feat no eye beneath the sun  
 Could e'er effect before.

GEORGE BORROW'S GITANO BALLADS.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed  
 The Gypsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;  
 Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,  
 Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;  
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;  
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,  
 Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;  
 Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,  
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—  
 And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,  
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.  
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
 And traced the line of life with searching view,  
 How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,  
 To learn the colour of my future years !

ROGERS.

—◆—

## Gold.

*If you dream of holding or of handling gold, you will  
 obtain your last wish.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

—With that methought  
 The bags burst open, and I plunged my hands,

Yea to the elbows, in a rolling stream  
Of hard, cold, lovely coin. I felt it flow  
Burying my fingers in a pleasant prison,  
And chaining them, like that fair queen of eld,  
In glorious golden fetters. Not Danæe  
Thrilled so beneath her melting Jovial shower,  
As did my hands under this blessed rain!

ANONYMOUS.

That house's form within was rude and strong,  
Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,  
From whose rough vault the ragged branches hung  
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich metal loaded every rift,  
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat.

They forward pass, nor Guyon yet spake word,  
Till that they came unto an iron door,  
Which to them opened of its own accord,  
And showed of riches such exceeding store,  
As eye of man did never see before,  
Nor ever could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore,  
Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that above were added to that under-ground.

SPENSER.

## Guardian Spirits.

*Visions of beautiful unknown beings, who regard you with love, indicate the presence of guardian spirits, and presage that your last hour will be that of the Euthanasia or happy death.*

THOU dost come to me in dreams,  
When entranced in slumber deep,  
And thy radiant countenance seems  
Like some angel guard to keep  
Watch above my quiet sleep.

Thou dost lean upon my breast,  
With thy sweet lips near to mine  
Smiles that ne'er can be expressed  
Linger round that rosy line,  
In whose depths pearls faintly shine.

Every feature of thy face  
Seemeth changed and glorified;  
Free from earthly stain or trace,  
Spiritualized and purified—  
Fit to be a spirit's bride.



Thus thou seemest unto me,  
 Sweetest vision of the night!  
 Making her grim demons flee  
 Swiftly as the morning light  
 Puts the earth-born mists to flight.

H. R.

*It was anciently believed to be an especial office of the guardian angels to keep away Evil Dreams from the good.*

—A double ward had she that night,  
 When Evil near her drew;  
 Her own good angel guarding her,  
 And Eleëmon's too.

Their charge it was, to keep her safe  
 From all unholy things;  
 And o'er her while she slept, they spread  
 The shadow of their wings.

So when an Evil Dream drew nigh,  
 They barred him from access,  
 Nor suffered him to reach her with  
 A breath of sinfulness.

SOUTHEY.

## Hair.

*To dream that your hair is white, portends care and affliction, but' also presages honour and elevation.*

ACHMET SEIRIM, c. 20-21.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue  
Once around my temples grew,—  
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;  
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee  
Time may deal despitely.

Careful days and wakeful nights  
Early trenched on young delights;  
Then of ills an endless train,  
Wasting languor, wearying pain,  
Feverish thought that racks the brain,  
Crowding all on summer's prime,  
Make me old before my time.

So a sad unlovely hue  
O'er the sunny tresses grew,  
Thinned their rich abundance too,  
Not a thread of golden light  
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Silent warming, silvery streak!  
Not unheeded dost thou speak;

Not with feelings light and vain,  
 Not with fond regretful pain,  
 Look I on the token sent  
 To announce the day far spent.

ANONYMOUS.

Bind me but to thee with thine hair,  
 And quickly I shall be  
 Made, by that fetter or that snare,  
 A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
 Then bore me through the ear,  
 And by the law I ought to stay  
 For ever with thee here.

HERRICK.

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## Hand.

*A raised or uplifted hand, signifies, in dreams, that you will be summoned from your sorrows.*

NICEPHORUS THE PATRIARCH.

A HAND!—a hand! I see it now,  
 A skinny hand upon the prow;  
 A skinny hand and a demon's eye  
 A wailing blast sweeps wildly by;  
 Seems burthened with a deep-drawn sigh,  
 And rising from the groaning sea,  
 A laugh of hollow mockery,  
 As of a fiend in dev'lish glee—

A gush of waves around me sweep ;  
And struggling in the raging deep,  
No time for prayers, no time for fears,  
Strange voices ringing in my ears,  
Unearthly visions flitting near,  
A horrid clang—and I awoke ;  
Awoke to find it fantasy.

NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKER.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
That cries, I must not stay ;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
That beckons me away.

TICKELL.

—And white hands in the distance,  
Are beckoning to the unknown country, far away.

And he drew off Abdaldar's ring,  
And cast it in the gulf ;  
A skinny hand came up,  
And caught it as it fell,  
And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave.

SOUTHEY, THALABA, Book V.

A sweet vision rises,  
Though dimly defined,  
And a hand on my forehead  
Lies cold as the wind.

ALICE CAREY.

## Harp.

*To dream of a harp, is an omen of consolation for the afflicted, and of joy to all.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

Go, leave that harp!—Twined round its strings  
There's many a magic spell :  
Leave that untouched,—the strain it brings  
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain!—all else beside  
Go scatter to the wind!  
The chords that won my home a bride  
No other home shall find.

It hath no price since that sweet hour  
She tuned it first and played  
Love's evening hymn, within the bower  
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like the summer's night  
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,  
And whispers of the calm moonlight  
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on my ear her young voice falls,  
Still floats that melody—  
On each loved haunt its music calls ;  
Go ! leave that harp and me.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

(137)

Profoundly dreamt a youth on Norland waste;  
 But no,—it is not waste where fairy rings  
 Reflect the past as well as future things,  
 When love and woe in boding tones are drest.

They greeted him, they kissed him, and retreated;  
 They left for him an instrument of sound,  
 Whose forceful strings with highest deeds could bound,  
 And yet with childish frolics be entreated.

He wakes—the gift he seizes, comprehending  
 Its sweet mysterious pleasures how to prove,  
 And pours it forth in pure harmonious blending.

O mayst thou ever victor, joyful move,  
 Thou Norland sailor, on life's voyage wending,  
 Conscious of God within thee and above.

FOUQUÉ.



## Hawks.

*If you dream of catching hawks, you will obtain your wish.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

“Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,  
 My heart with grieve will brast.  
 I had thought that dreames had never been true ;  
 I have proved them true at last.

“I dreamt in my dreame on Thursday eve,  
 In my bed whereas I laye,  
 I dreamt a griffin, a grimlie beast,  
 Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

“My gorgett and my kirtle of gold,  
 And all my faire head-geere :  
 And he wold worrye me with his tush  
 And to his nest y-beare :

“Saving there came a little gray hawke,  
 A merlin him they call,  
 Which untill the grounde did strike the griff,  
 That dead he downe did fall.”

SIR ALDINGAR. PERCY'S RELIQUES.

And in this state and honour Chriemhilda dreamt ere long  
 That she bore in hand a falcon, wild, beautiful, and strong,  
 Which wounded both her snowy arms and griped with  
 might and main,  
 In all her life she ne'er before had suffered half the pain.

That dream was soon related to her mother wise and old,  
 No better meaning could she give, no other rede unfold :  
 “The falcon which thou heldest, is a brave and noble youth  
 Whom thou ere long wilt marry, and lose again in truth.”

THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.



## Head Turned.

*To dream that one's head is turned (caput suum obtortum et aversum videre), is an omen that you will be restrained from departing from the place where you are.*

ARTEMIDORUS, lib. 1, cap. 38.

*Dante, in his Inferno, represents those who have sinned by venturing to predict future events, as being punished by having their faces reversed and set the contrary way on their limbs.*

As on them more direct mine eye descends,  
Each wonderously seemed to be reversed  
At the neck-bone, so that the countenance  
Was from the reins averted; and because  
None might before him look, they were compelled  
To advance with backward gait.

DANTE, INFERNO, Canto xx.

But very uncouth sight was to behold  
How he did fashion his untoward pace;  
For as he backward moved his footing old,  
So backward still was turned his wrinkled face;  
Unlike to men who ever as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.

SPENSER, FAERY QUEEN, b. 1, c. viii. st. 31

## Heaven.

*To dream of Heaven in all its purity, signifies a speedy and happy marriage. Climbing to Heaven, presages honour and regard.*

VON GERSTENBERGK'S DREAM LEXICON.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile,  
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow;  
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks,  
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!  
Her fair hands folded on her breast;  
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!  
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! above control,  
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!  
And may the secret of thy soul  
Remain within its sanctuary!

ROGERS.

'Tis at parting given,  
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven;  
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,  
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song!

IBID.

## Hills.

*To dream of hills, cliffs, crags, and lofty places, presages disappointment, parting, and grief.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I STOOD upon a lofty place,  
And looked out on the plain,  
And there I saw a lovely face  
I never saw again.

HAUFF.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world  
Visit the soul, in sleep,—that death is slumber,  
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high ;  
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
The veil of life and death ? or do I lie  
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
Speed far around and inaccessibly  
Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,  
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep,  
That vanishes among the viewless gales !  
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—  
Its subject mountains, their unearthly forms  
Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps ;

A desert peopled by the storms alone,  
 Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,  
 And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously  
 Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high,  
 Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.

SHELLEY.

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## Holidays.

*To dream of holidays, festival occasions, and streets  
 crowded with revellers, forebodes mourning and misery.*

METHOUGHT I heard a stir of hasty feet,  
 And horses tramped, and coaches rolled along,  
 And there were busy voices in the street,  
 As if a multitude were hurrying on;  
 A stir it was which only could befall  
 Upon some grand and solemn festival.

Such crowds I saw, and in such glad array,  
 It seemed some general joy had filled the land;  
 Age had a sunshine on its cheek that day,  
 And children, tottering by the mother's hand,  
 Too young to ask why all this joy should be,  
 Partook it, and rejoiced for sympathy.

From every church the merry bells rung round  
 With gladdening harmony heard far and wide;  
 In many a mingled peal of swelling sound,  
 The hurrying music came on every side;  
 And banners from the steeples waved on high,  
 And streamers fluttered in the sun and sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gone was the glory when I raised my head ;  
 But in the air appeared a form half seen,  
 Below with shadows dimly garmented,  
 And indistinct and dreadful was his mien.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hear me, O Princess !” said the shadowy form,  
 “My name is DEATH !”

SOUTHEY.

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## Home.

*To dream of returning home, indicates that your troubles will soon be over.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way,  
 To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“ Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;”  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

Erewhile I dreamed about the hills of home  
 Whereon I used to roam.

ALICE CAREY.



## Horses.

*White horses seen in dreams are truly the apparition of angels, while black steeds are the ill-omened messengers of evil.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

BUT still the Wildgrave onward rides ;  
 Halloo, halloo, and hark again !  
 When spurring from opposing sides,  
 Two stranger horsemen join the train,

Who was each stranger left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
The right hand steed was silver-white,  
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right hand horseman young and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of May;  
The left from eye of tawny glare  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"  
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;  
"And for devotion's choral swell  
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"  
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies:  
"To muttering monks leave matin song,  
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

BURGER.

She followed her master to the church door;  
There stood a black horse there:  
His breath was red like furnace-smoke,  
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The devil he flung her on the horse,  
And he leaped up before,  
And away like the lightning's speed they went,  
And she was seen no more.

SOUTHEY.



## House Burning.

*To dream that one's house is burning, is an evil omen to all, and one betokening death to the owner.*

ARTEMIDORUS, 2, 10.

EBBE has dreamed a wondrous dream,  
And early when he woke :  
Forth walking in the morning beam,  
Unto his mother spoke :

“ I dreamt last night, this house of mine  
Was all in flame and fire ;  
And saw my mother and my bride  
Amid the blaze expire.”

“ Then go not forth to-day, my son,  
And neither hunt nor ride,  
But sit above, in thy chamber, still,  
And talk with thy fair young bride.”

“ I will not sit in a lady's room,  
And drink to my fair young wife ;  
No gallant knight, God wot, is he,  
Who trembles for his life !

I will not sit at my lady's feet,  
For, ever my father saith,  
‘ No gallant knight alive is he  
Who fears for life or death.’ ”

And it was Ebbe Tykeson  
 Rode from his lady's bower,  
 And met with many a deadly foe  
 All in an evil hour.

“ And hear thou, Ebbe Tykeson !  
 Why ridest thou alone ?  
 Where is thy hawk, and where thy hound,  
 And where have thy hunters flown ? ”

“ Some I have left in Rosenhain,  
 To hunt the deer for me ;  
 And some cut through the dark-blue wave  
 And sail on the salty sea.

And some I have left in Rosenhain,  
 To run and eke to ride ;  
 And some are in my distant home  
 To wait on my fair young bride. ”

And some of them stabbed him with daggers sharp,  
 And some with rapiers keen ;  
 God save his soul !—he well deserved  
 A better death I ween !

EBBE TYKESON.

*Translated from the Swedish by C. G. LELAND.*

Lord Hamleton dremed in his dreame,  
 In Carval, where he laye,  
 His halle were all on fire,  
 His ladye *slayne* or dye.

Buske, and boune, my merry men all,  
 Even and goe ye with me,

For I dreamed that my hall was on fire,  
My lady slaine or die.

He busked him and bouned him,  
And like a worthy knight,  
And when he sawe his hall burning,  
His harte was no dele light.

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN CAR. RITSON'S ANCIENT SONGS.



## Hunter—Hunting.

*To dream of hunting and of all thereto pertaining, is an evil sign, denoting trouble and sorrow.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*During the middle ages, the pursuit of the soul by Satan was depicted on church pillars and doors, under the symbol of a deer pursued by a hunter and his hounds.*

HOPES and fears !

Huntsmen and hounds, ye follow us as game,  
Poor panting outcasts of your forest law ;  
Each cheers the other, one with wild halloos,  
And one with whines and howls—a dreadful chase,  
That only ceases when horns sound "*Amort!*"

BOKER.

This world a hunting is,  
The prey poor man ; the Nimrod fierce is Death ;  
His speedy greyhounds are  
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care ;  
Strife that ne'er falls amiss  
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.

Now, if by chance we fly  
 Of these the eager chase,  
 Old Age, with stealing pace,  
 Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, b. 1585.



## Iron.

*To dream of working in iron portends disunion and strife,  
 but cold iron signifies honour.*

DAS REICHHALTIGE TRAUM BUCH.

“IRON! iron! iron!”—crashing  
 Like the battle-axe and shield;  
 Or the sword on helmet clashing  
 Through a bloody battle field.  
 “Iron! iron! iron!”—rolling,  
 Like the far-off cannon’s boom;  
 Or the death-knell slowly tolling  
 Through a dungeon’s charnel gloom!  
 “Iron! iron! iron!”—swinging  
 Like the summer winds at play;  
 Or as bells of Time were ringing  
 In the blest Millennial Day!

S. J. HALE.

## Ivy.

*To dream of ivy, indicates a variety of good fortune. If you seem to pull the vine or pluck its leaves, you will enjoy continual good health and make many new and true friends. To see ivy or be crowned with it, presages feasts and revelry, triumph and victory.*

OH how could Fancy crown with thee,  
In ancient days, the god of wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine?

*Thy* home, wild plant, is where the sound  
Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song's full notes once pealed around,  
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,  
Around the victor's tent;  
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green  
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,  
Better thou lov'st the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave.

HEMANS.

### 1.

Ivy, chief of trees it is,  
*Veni coronaberis.*

The most worthy is she in town ;  
 He who says other says amiss ;  
 Worthy is she to bear the crown :

*Veni coronaberis.*

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,  
 Against all woe she bringeth bliss ;  
 Happy is he that may her reach ;

*Veni coronaberis.*

Ivy is green, of colour bright,  
 Of all trees the chief she is ;  
 And that I prove will now be right ;

*Veni coronaberis.*

Ivy she beareth berries black ;  
 God grant to all of us his bliss  
 For then we shall nothing lack ;

*Veni coronaberis.*

2.

Holly and Ivy made a great party,  
 Who should have the mastery  
 In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly, "I am fierce and jolly,  
 I will have the mastery  
 In lands where we go."

Then spake Ivy, "I am loud and proud,  
 And I will have the mastery  
 In lands where we go."

Then spake Holly, and bent him down on his knee,  
 "I pray thee, gentle Ivy,  
 Essay me no villany  
 In lands where we go."

## Jasmine.

*“Jessamine or jasmin seen in dreams presages the fullest realization of a lover’s hopes.” So says a modern German Dream Book. The jasmin seems indeed to be a peculiarly appropriate symbol of “love realized,” since it was at a wedding where the bridegroom presented the bride with a bouquet of this flower, that it first found its way from the hands of a botanical monopolist to the gardens of Europe.*

THE image of love that nightly flies  
To visit the bashful maid,  
Steals from the jasmine flower that sighs  
Its soul like her in the shade.  
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour  
That alights on misery’s brow,  
Springs out of the silvery almond flower,  
That blooms on a leafless bough.  
Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.  
—For I know where the winged visions dwell  
That round the night-bed play;  
I know each herb and floweret’s bell,  
Where they hide their wings by day;  
Then hasten we, maid,  
To twine our braid,  
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.



## Jealousy.

*To dream that your lady smiles on another, presages  
that in a short time she will be yours alone.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

I STOLE A DREAM that like the stir  
Of moonlight on the sea,  
Over the virgin brow of her  
I loved, lay silently!

I saw another, and he wore  
A statelier step than mine,  
And threw a nobler shadow o'er  
My sleeping Eveline.

And there was love-like mystery,  
Lay burning in the glance  
Of her dark eyes, that gave reply  
To his fair countenance.

And I beheld myself, but not  
As I had pictured me;  
Oh God! that I should bear the thought  
Of such deformity!

It was, I see it must have been,  
Her malice drew me so;—  
A likeness! yet most frightful in  
Those lineaments of woe!

She saw it in her dream ; 'twas this  
 That to her glowing cheek  
 Threw the cold creeping chilliness,  
 The melancholy streak ;—

She smote her white hand on her brow,  
 And flung each raven tress  
 Back, like a cloud amid the glow  
 Of her pale loveliness.

Then breathed another name—a new,  
 A loathed name to me :—  
 The dream was but a dream, I drew  
 In my heart's jealousy !

ANONYMOUS.

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## Keys.

*To dream of keys, signifies that you will have a good wife  
 or husband, and live happily at home.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

MANY a key have I bought and sold,  
 Hammered in iron, or chased in gold ;  
 But such a key  
 Did I never see,  
 As that of King Orian's treasury :  
 For he who wins it by love or art,  
 Can unlock the shrine of the closest heart.  
 If it touches a sleeping maiden's lips,  
 She'll whisper in dreaming her wiles and slips ;

And be it a pleasure or be it a pain,  
 All that you ask she must answer again.  
 Be it a pain or be it a pleasure,  
 She must tell in all truth of her heart's best treasure.  
 But woe is me!  
 Far under the sea,  
 Lies hidden in silence that wonderful key:  
 And ne'er till the mermaids return it again,  
 Can we know if a mortal speaks truly and plain:  
 And were *I* now kissing that key so cold,  
*This story*, perhaps, love, had never been told!

THE ROMAUNT OF KING ORIAN.

— — —

## King.

*To dream of a king alone, presages favours, mercy, and forgiveness of injuries.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

I SAT lonely in the twilight,  
 Dreaming o'er the mystic page,  
 Where the song of songs is written  
 By King Solomon the sage.

It befell, while I was reading,  
 That the page before mine eyes  
 Vanished like a mist receding,  
 And I saw a landscape rise.

I beheld the lost Jerusalem  
 In its glory, as of old,  
 And the Temple in the moonlight,  
 With its pinnacles of gold.

While the sleepless monarch, turning  
 On his bed, a soul possessed,  
 Battled with a quenchless yearning  
 And the demons of unrest.

Then he slept; and to his slumbers  
 Passed the angels good and ill,  
 Stole the dream that woke those numbers  
 Which for ages breathe and thrill.

'Twas a dream: whence come I knew not,  
 From below or from above;  
 But it whispered to *Ben David*  
 Visions marvellous—of LOVE.

M. W.



## Kifs.

*To dream of kissing one whom we know or love, is a favourable omen. To kiss an enemy, denotes reconciliation. But kissing strangers in dreams, is ominous of evil.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

How comes it, sleep, that thou  
 Even kisses me affords  
 Of her, dear her, so far who's absent now?  
 How did I hear those words,  
 Which rocks might move and move the pines to bow?  
 Ah me! before half day  
 Why did'st thou steal away?  
 Return. I thine for ever will remain,  
 If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again!

*Kissing in Dreams.* DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

You kissed me then, I worshipped at thy feet  
    Upon the shadowy sod ;  
O fool ! I loved thee ! loved thee, lovely cheat !  
    Better than fame or God.

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss—  
    What then to me were groans,  
Or pain or death ? Earth was a round of bliss,  
    I seemed to walk on thrones.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Awake thy arms were round me,  
    And still in dreams we met,  
In dreams thy wild love bound me  
    By vows which thrill me yet.  
My lips were pressed to thine, love,  
    With kisses then I spoke ;  
'Twas Eden while we dreamed, love,  
    'Twas Heaven when we woke.

ANONYMOUS.

But when I kissed him back, and said  
    The embers never cast a gleam  
Through our low cabin, half so red,  
    Sleep vanished—all had been a dream.

ALICE CAREY.

## Ladder.

*To see a ladder, signifies that the dreamer will travel. To climb one, presages rank and dignity. To dream of falling from a ladder forebodes sorrow and desolation.*

VON GERSTENBERGK'S DREAM LEXICON.

*Rochford.* First hear my dream, I swear, no common one,  
For you were mingled in it.

*Queen Anne.* Well, say on.

*Rochford.* I thought that you and I, for years and years,  
Had climbed the rundles of a slippery ladder.  
I knew not why we clambered; though above  
A blazing halo, like a sunset sky,  
Shone glorious, and towards it we bent our steps,  
Urged by resistless impulse. You were first;  
And when I halted, by the labour tired,  
Or dizzy at the awful depth beneath,  
You cheered me on, and with your nimble feet  
Spurned the frail rounds, till, sundered 'neath your tread,  
They fell around me. Woful, woful sight!  
Each stick in falling, to a ghastly head  
Was metamorphosed. Here Queen Katharine's fell;  
There Wolsey's; More's and Fisher's, spouting blood;  
And many a one whose face I could not catch.  
These, as they passed me, whispered in mine ears  
A horrid curse, and grinned, and winked their eyes.—

*Queen Anne.* Good heaven, how awful! Was there  
more of this?

*Rochford.* Ay, far more dreadful fancies.

*Queen Anne.* Could there be?

*Rochford.* Already through the radiant clouds above  
 Your form was piercing, when our frail support  
 Shook till I sickened; and aloft I saw  
 A dreadful shape, in features like the king,  
 Tugging and straining with his threatening hand  
 To hurl our ladder to the depths below.  
 I saw you clutching at the dazzling clouds,  
 That, unsubstantial, melted in your grasp;  
 I heard you cry to the unpitying fiend  
 Who held our lives in his relentless hands;  
 I saw you turn on me one fearful look,  
 In whose dread meaning desolate despair  
 Had crowded all pale shapes of agony,  
 Ere, with spasmodic catching at my breath,  
 I shot down headlong.—With the fall, I woke.

*Anne Boleyn, Scene ii., Act iii. BOKER.*



## Ladies—Maidens.

*To dream of ladies with black or dark brown hair, pre-  
 sages sickness; but a blonde indicates a happy event. A  
 lady with long, beautiful locks, is a sign of wealth and  
 honour. A beautiful and unknown lady, betokens health  
 and pleasure to a man, but jealousy and quarrels to a  
 woman. To kiss a lady, is an omen of acquiring property.  
 To hear a lady sing, signifies travelling or some great plea-  
 sure. A lady praying, announces happiness.*

A VISION on his sleep  
 There came, a dream of hopes that never yet



Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid  
 Sate near him, talking in low, solemn tones.  
 Her voice was like the voice of his own soul,  
 Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,  
 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
 His inmost sense suspended in its web.

Sudden she rose,

As if her heart impatiently endured  
 Its bursting burthen : at the sound he turned,  
 And saw by the warm light of their own life,  
 Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil  
 Of woven wind ; her outspread arms now bare,  
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
 Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
 His strong heart sank and sickened with excess  
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and quelled  
 His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet  
 Her panting bosom :—she drew back awhile ;  
 Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
 With frantic gesture and short breathless cry,  
 Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.

SHELLEY.

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## Lady-Love.

*To dream of the loved one, denotes happiness, good fortune, and success in love.*

THE ivory, coral, gold,  
 Of breast, of lip, of hair,  
 So lively Sleep doth shew to inward sight,

That 'wake I think I hold  
 No shadow, but my fair :  
 Myself so to deceive,  
 With long shut eyes I view the irksome light.  
 Such pleasure here I have,  
 Delighting in false gleams,  
 If Death Sleep's brother be,  
 And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,  
 How could I wish thus still to dream and die.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

She came in her beauty bright as day,  
 To where in his sleep her true knight lay,  
 She held in her small and light bright hand  
 A plaything, a brilliant moon-gold band :  
 She wound it about his hair and her own,  
 Still singing the while, " We two are one !"  
 All round them the world lay poor and dim,  
 Aloft in her glory she rose with him ;  
 They stood in a garden fair and bright—  
 The angels do call it " Land of Light !"

LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

They tenderly loved, and yet neither  
 Would venture the other to move ;  
 They lived as if hate were between them,  
 Yet still were half dying with love.

They parted, and then met each other  
 In dreams and in visions alone ;  
 They had long left this life for another,  
 Yet scarcely to either 'twas known.

HEINE.

## Lake.

*To dream of a tranquil, glassy lake, presages joy and content.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*“Lac tranquillorum index est morum”—A lake indicates quiet and gentle manners.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

THIS placid lake, my gentle girl,  
Be emblem of thy life ;  
As full of peace and purity,  
As free from care and strife ;  
No ripple on its tranquil breast  
That dies not with the day ;  
No pebble in its darkest depths  
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form  
And pageant of the skies,  
Reflected from its glassy face  
A mirrored image lies ;  
So be thy spirit ever pure,  
To GOD and virtue given,  
And thought, and word, and action bear  
The imagery of Heaven.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

(163)

## Lamps.

*Lamps or lights gleaming from houses, signify intelligence or information.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

IN a vision I was seized,  
When the elements were hushed  
In the stillness that is felt  
Ere the storm goes abroad ;  
Through the air I was borne away ;  
And in spirit I beheld  
Where a City lay beneath,  
Like a valley mapped below,  
When seen from a mountain top.

The night had closed around,  
And o'er the sullen sky  
Were the wide wings of darkness spread ;  
*The City's myriad lamps*  
*Shone mistily below,*  
*Like stars in the bosom of a lake ;*  
And its murmurs arose  
Incessant and deep,  
Like the sound of the sea  
Where it rakes on a stony shore.

SOUTHEY.

## Laughing.

*Dream of laughing, and you will wake to sorrow.*

NICEPHORUS THE PATRIARCH.

GENTLE seemed  
The lady, smiling, as she dreamed,  
But not of him her visions are,  
Who for the sake of the sweet light  
Within her casement, vexed the night—  
Her thoughts are travellers elsewhere. \* \*  
At midnight on a jutting cliff,  
A raven flapped his wings and cried.

THE MINSTREL, by ALICE CAREY.

I heard a sound of laughter in my dream,  
Of merry laughter, ringing like the chime  
Of distant bells, faint heard at eventide,  
Then rising louder, as if onward borne  
On some wild spirit-breeze, to life awaked  
By its sweet invocation. Nearer yet  
The wondrous voices stole, while I, all still,  
In thrilled expectancy lay waiting long  
The opening of some delicate mystery.  
—Again the laugh pealed out so cheerily  
That I, perforce—my patience all forlore—  
Made one in the mad chorus, bursting forth

With no more reason than the traveller  
 Who breathes the vapours of the Indian pool  
 Which all who breathe, die laughing. Then the cry  
 Closed round me like the bell of baying hounds,  
 Still changing to a maddening mocking yell,  
 And then to fiendish screaming.

Here I woke—

Woke once again to my fell misery.

C. G. LELAND.

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## Lawyers.

*To dream of law, lawyers, and all thereto pertaining, presages grief; misery, affliction, and ruin. To the sick it is a warning to lead a better life; and if they dream of being found guilty, it is a sure sign of death. But if the man involved in a lawsuit dreams of being in court, it is an omen that his adversary will be defeated.*

ARTEMIDORUS, c. 29.

To set up a village  
 With tackle for tillage,  
     Jack Carter he took to the saw;  
 To plunder and pillage  
 This same little village,  
     Tim Gordon he took to the law.  
 They angled so pliant  
 For gudgeon and client,  
     As sharp as a weazel for rats:  
 Till what with their law-dust,  
 And what with their saw-dust,  
     They blinded the eyes of the flats.

Jack brought to the people  
A bill for a steeple :  
    They swore that they wouldn't be bit :  
But out of a saw-pit  
Was into a law-pit,  
    Tim tickled them up with a writ.  
Says Jack to saw-rasper,  
"I say, neighbour Grasper,  
    We both of us buy in the stocks ;  
While I for my savings,  
Turn blocks into shavings,  
    You're shaving the heads of the blocks."

Jack capered in clover,  
But when work was over,  
    Got drunk as a fool for a freak ;  
But Timothy Gordon,  
He stood for church-warden,  
    And eat himself dead in a week.  
Jack made him a coffin,  
But Timothy, off in  
    A loud clap of thunder had flown ;  
—When lawyers lie *level*,  
Be sure that the devil  
    Looks sharp enough after his own.

ANONYMOUS.



## Light.

*If one dream that he sees a great light suddenly flash out in darkness, he will assuredly succeed in all the schemes which he may be at the time devising.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I HAD awoke from an unpleasant dream,  
And LIGHT was welcome to me. I looked out  
To feel the common air, and when the breath  
Of the delicious morning met my brow,  
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun  
Shone on familiar objects, it was like  
The feeling of the captive who comes forth  
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.  
Oh! could we wake from sorrow; were it all  
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside,  
Like an untimely garment, with the morn;  
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled  
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom  
Of a bereaved affection pass away  
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—  
How lightly were the spirit reconciled  
To make this beautiful bright world its home!

N. P. WILLIS.

Even *dreams* have filled my soul with light,  
And on my way their splendour left,  
As if the darkness of the night  
Were by some planet's rising cleft.

ALICE CAREY.  
(168)

## Lighthouse.

*You will, after dreaming of a lighthouse, shortly receive either profitable advice or a seasonable warning.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

RISING from the wild dark sea,  
Awful in immensity !  
Based upon a craggy rock  
That long has braved th' infuriate shock  
Of angry billows, wildly gushing,  
And in mighty onset rushing,  
As combined to overwhelm  
Rock and tower in Ocean's realm—  
See the lonely Pharos keep  
Sentry o'er the dangerous deep,  
Where, unmarked by careless eye,  
Perils heaped on perils lie,  
And each heavy-rolling wave  
Breaks above a sailor's grave.

Now, while in her ebon car,  
Night displays her banner far,  
And no orb of day serene  
Looks upon the cheerless scene.  
But above—below—around—  
All is wrapt in gloom profound ;  
While the chill and boisterous breeze  
Lashes the repining seas,  
And the curlew's shriek of fear  
Startles painfully the ear :

Streaming from yon lantern high—  
Gleaming in the lurid sky—  
Bright through vapour, mist, and cloud,  
That vainly strive its beam to shroud,  
Glow the monitory blaze  
Over wild and trackless ways,  
And through mazes drear and dark,  
Guides the distant gliding bark,  
Till, beyond the horizon's verge,  
The all-directing sun emerge.

Silent, solemn, stately, slow—  
Like the march of pageant woe,  
Round and round incessant turning,  
Still with kindly lustre burning,  
The faithful lights, alternate, show  
The kindling gleam, the ardent glow,  
The pallid, soft receding ray,  
That into darkness melts away:  
One moment, all is lost in night:  
The next—and all is dazzling bright!

Emblem of that Sacred Word  
Which with light divine is stored,  
When I view thy nightly glare  
May I trace thy semblance *there!*  
That, supported on a rock,  
Which nor storm nor time can shock,  
Amidst the snares of error's night,  
Still guides bewildered travellers right;  
And, through life's eventful seas,  
Conducts them to the port of ease.  
Tempests may threat and waves assail—  
That heavenly beacon cannot fail,  
But, through the gloom with cheering ray,  
Foretells the dawn of endless day!

## Lilies.

Lilies *predict joy*; water lilies *danger from the sea*.  
*Out of season—idle hopes.*

VON GERSTENBERGK'S DREAM LEXICON.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
And lay in the silent sea,  
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she:  
What is the Lily dreaming of?  
Why crisp the waters blue?  
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!  
Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek  
In the lap of the breathless tide;  
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,  
That would lie by the Rôse's side;  
"Oh the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
And he lives on earth," said she;  
"But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,  
And he shall my bridegroom be."

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,  
But turned to the skies afar,  
And bared her breast to the trembling ray  
That shot from the rising Star;

The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
 And over the waters wide,  
 She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
 And sank in the stormy tide.

O. W. HOLMES.

I saw where on a lakelet's breast,  
 A sleeping lily lay,  
 As rose the genial sun and drank  
 Its dew-pearled robe away,  
 And woke it from its dreamy sleep  
 By rays sent warming by,  
 And as it oped its night-chilled lips,  
 Stole thence a fragrant sigh.

J. B. F. O.

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## Love.

*To dream of being in love, forebodes long sorrow. To experience a return of love, presages prosperity. The love of a beautiful lady is an omen of mingled joy and woe.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

I DREAMED I lay beside the dark blue Rhine,  
 In that old tower where once Sir Roland dwelt;  
 Methought his gentle lady-love was mine,  
 And mine the cares and pain which once *he* felt.  
 Dim, cloudy centuries had rolled away,  
 E'en to that minstrel age, the olden time,  
 When Roland's lady bid him woo no more,  
 And he, aw weary, sought the Eastern clime.

Methought that I, like him, had wandered long,  
In those strange lands of which old legends tell;  
Then home I turned to my own glancing Rhine,  
And found my lady in a convent cell;  
And I, like him, had watched long years away,  
And dwelt unseen hard by her convent's bound,  
In that old tower, which yet stands pitying  
The cloister-isle, enclosed by water round.

I long had watched—for in the early morn,  
To ope her lattice, came that lady oft;  
And earnestly I gazed—yet naught I saw,  
Save one small hand and arm, white, fair, and soft.  
And when at eve the long, dark shadows fell  
O'er rock and valley, vineyard, town, and tower,  
Again she came—again that small white hand  
Would close her lattice for the vesper hour.

I lingered still—e'en when the silent night  
Had cast its sable mantle o'er the shrine—  
To see her lonely taper's softened light  
Gleam, far reflected, o'er the quiet Rhine;  
But most I loved to see her form, at times,  
Obscure those beams—for then her shade would fall—  
And I beheld it, evenly portrayed—  
A living profile, on that window small.

And thus I lived in love—though not in hope—  
And thus I watched that maiden many a year,  
When, lo! I saw, one morn, a funeral train—  
Alas! they bore my lady to her bier!  
And she was dead—yet grieved I not therefore,  
For now in Heaven she knew the love I felt.  
Death cannot kill affection, nor destroy  
The holy peace wherein I long had dwelt.

Oh, gentle lady! this was but a dream!  
 And in a dream I bore all this for thee.  
 If thus in sleep love's pangs assail my soul,  
 Think, lady, what my waking hours must be.  
 The golden age of chivalry hath fled;  
 Its glory gone—its splendour passed away.  
 Well, be it so! Romance expires with Youth;  
 But Love—true Spirit Love—can ne'er decay!

C. G. LELAND.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
 Dreaming where the beloved one may be.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I dreamed of Love. I thought the air  
 Was glowing with the smile of God—  
 An angel told me all the sod  
 Was beauteous with answered prayer.  
 I looked—and lo! the flowers were there.

ALICE CAREY.

And when the step is dull and slow,  
 And when the eye no longer beams  
 With the glad hopes of years ago,  
 What purpose has the heart with dreams?  
 Away, wild thoughts of sorrow's flood—  
 Wild dreams of early love, away!  
 In calm and passionless womanhood,  
 Why come ye thronging back to-day?

IBID.

Death is a cool and pleasant night,  
 Life but a sultry day:  
 'Tis growing dark—I'm weary;  
 Day has tired me with its light.



Above my bed a fair tree gleams :  
There sings Dame Nightingale ;  
She sings of naught save Love—  
I hear it, even in dreams.

HEINE.

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## Madness.

*“To dream of madness or insanity, presages,” says VON GERSTENBERGK, “for a man, fortune and favour from powerful patrons.” Another authority declares it to be ominous of sorrow and affliction.*

A CHANGE came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love ;—Oh ! she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth ; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things ;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
To others' sight familiar were to hers.  
And this the world calls phrensy ; but the wise  
Have a far deeper madness ; and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
What is it but the telescope of truth ?  
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,  
Making the cold reality too real.

THE DREAM. BYRON.

Oh! the flame

Burns low upon the altar, memory clasps  
 Her blazoned missal, and the priest-like voice  
 Of Reason dies in silence! There are heard  
 No more amid her aisles fast crowding thoughts;  
 No more the glorious anthems of her worship;  
 And Guido's soul is like some dim cathedral  
 That keeps with faint sweet light the hush of prayer  
 After the prayer hath ceased; the breath of incense  
 Burned upon shrines; the solemn, deep vibrations  
 Of music that falls trembling into silence.

EDITH MAY.

—Pales from the blest insanity of dreams  
 That round thee lies.

ALICE CAREY,

## Marriage.

*To dream of marrying a maiden, presageth death to a sick man, but it is a good omen for those about to form business contracts, marriage being in itself, a contract of a favourable nature. To other people, marriage portends strife and care, excepting those who marry widows (mulieres devirginatæ). For these, marriage in dreams is a sign that they will be successful in what they have already undertaken.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*If a maiden dream that she attend another's wedding, it is an omen of grief and tears, but if she be fully married herself, her dearest wish will be fulfilled.*

NICHOLAUS VON KLINGELBERG.

*Marrying in dreams, shortly expect great changes and events in thy life.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

A GATHERING of fond friends,  
 Brief solemn words and prayer ;  
 A trembling to the finger's ends,  
 As hand in hand they swear.  
 Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,  
 And so the deed is done !  
 Now for life's waves and blisses,  
 The wedded two are one.

ANONYMOUS.

Break not the slumbers of the bride,  
 But let the sun in triumph ride,  
     Scattering his beamy light ;  
 When she awakes, he shall resign  
 His rays, and she alone shall shine  
     In glory all the night.  
 Yet gently whisper as she lies,  
 And say her lord waits her uprise,  
     The priests at the altar stay ;  
 With flowery wreaths, the virgin crew  
 Attend, while some with roses strew,  
     And myrtles trim the way.  
 Now to the temple and the priest,  
 See her conveyed, thence to the feast.

CAREW, Ob. 1639.

## Merrymaking—Festival.

*To dream of being in strange beautiful places, or amid scenes of mirth and merriment, is a most favourable omen, especially if you take no part in the festivities.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

AND in my thoughts as I lay,  
In a lodge out of the way,  
Beside a well in a forest,  
Where after hunting I took rest,  
I gan to dreame to my thinking,  
With mind of knowliche like making :—  
    Within an yle methought I was,  
Where wall and yate was all of glasse  
Uncouth and straunge to behold,  
For euery yate of fine gold,  
A thousand fanes, aie turning,  
Entuned had, and birdes singing,  
Divers, and on each fane a paire,  
With open mouth again thaire,  
And of a sute were all the toures,  
Subtily corven after floures,  
Of uncouth colours during aye,  
That neuer been none seene in May,  
With many a small turret hie,  
But man on live could I non sie,  
Ne creatures, save ladies play,  
Which were such of theyr array,

That as methought of goodlihead,  
 They passeden all, and womanhead,  
 For to behold them daunce and sing,  
 It seemed like none earthly thing.

CHAUCER'S DREAME.

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## Mill.

*To dream of a mill, implies the conclusion and settlement of ambiguous and troublesome affairs, or presages fidelity on the part of a servant.*

ARTEMIDORUS, lib. 2, c. 47.

I LOVED the brimming wave that swam  
 Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
 The sleepy pool above the dam,  
 The pool beneath it never still,  
 The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,  
 The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
 The very air about the door  
 Made misty by the floating meal.

TENNYSON.

I dreamt last night a dream of home,  
 I dreamt I stood beside the mill,  
 And saw the waters dance and foam,  
 While the old wheel was whirling still—

For every turn that wheel hath made,  
 A minute of my life hath sped ;  
 The wheel's the same—but I'm afraid  
 That time hath changed me, heart and head.

Yet peace hath come with many years,  
 To me, if not unto the mill ;  
 For I have lived away my fears,  
 So, let the wheel go whirling still !

ANONYMOUS.

## Mirror.

*He who dreams of finding a mirror and of beholding himself therein, will soon find a brother or a friend. If he break a mirror, he will destroy some evil or infamous report relative to another. But if he dream of finding a spotted or stained mirror, it presageth disgrace to his brother or friend.*

ACHMET SEIRIM.

*To dream of standing before a mirror and of beholding oneself therein, is a most favourable omen for both men and women who propose marrying.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

IN my sleepe dreaming,  
 I saw a gleaming,  
 As of a lost starre shining on the ground ;  
 And stealing to it,  
 Lest I might rue it,  
 A silver mirrour in the grasse I founde.

Yet in the mirrour,  
 By some strange error,  
 My bearded face could I by no chance see :  
 'Twas thy face onlie  
 Which lived there lonelie,  
 And gazed, as if from windowe, out on me.

And from my dreame, love,  
 It thus doth seeme, love,  
     That I, deare hearte, reflected am in thee :  
 And thus discover  
 That I, thy lover,  
     Have ever beene, and ever yet will be.

C. G. LELAND.

## Money.

*To see money in dreams, is a sign that you will hear good news from home, or from some distant town. To dream of finding money, presages a happy married life to the young, but quarrels and affliction to the old. To count money, indicates that unforeseen expenses are hanging over you; while to make it, betokens danger, sorrow, and affliction.*

DAS REICHHALTIGE TRAUM-BUCH.

MONEY, money, now haye, goode day !  
     Money, where hast thou be ?  
 Money, money, thow goste away  
     And wylt not byde wyth me !

Above all thynges thou art a kyng,  
     And rulyst the worlde over all ;  
 Who lacketh thee, all joy, pardé,  
     Wyll soon then from hym fall.



Where indeede, so God me spede,  
 Say all men what theye can ;  
 Yt ys always seen nowe-a-dayes  
 That money makyth the man.

Y<sup>e</sup> BALLAD OF MONEY.

MONEY goes,  
 No one knows ;  
 Where it goeth  
 No one showeth.  
 Here and there,  
 Every where,  
 Run, run,  
 Dun, dun,  
 Spend, spend,  
 Lend, lend,  
 Send, send.  
 Flush to-day,  
     Short to-morrow,  
 Notes to pay,  
     Borrow, borrow.  
 So it goes,  
 No one knows,  
 Where it goeth  
 No one showeth.

ANONYMOUS.

## Monsters and Terrible Apparitions.

*To dream of monsters and terrifying sights (other than the Nightmare), denotes imminent danger.*

FRANCESCO MANCINI.

THE heav'ns that in eternall booke do keepe  
The register for life or deathes decree,  
By vision strange did shew to me in sleepe,  
That next daies cheerful light the last should be,  
That in this world I evermore should see :  
As in my tent, on bed, I slumbring lie,  
Horrid aspects appeared unto mine eye.

I thought that all those murdered ghosts, whom I,  
By death had sent to their untimely grave,  
With balefull noise about my tent did crie,  
And of the heavens with sad complaint did crave,  
That they on guiltie wretch might vengeance have :  
To whom I thought the Judge of Heav'n gave eare,  
And 'gainst me gave a judgment full of feare.

For loe, eftsoones, a thousand hellish hags,  
Leaving th' abode of their infernall cell,  
Seasing on me, my hatefull bodie drags  
From forth my bed, into a place like hell,  
Where feends did nought but bellow, howle, and yell,  
Who in sterne strife stood 'gainst each other bent,  
Who should my hatefull bodie most torment.

NICCOL'S WINTER NIGHT'S VISION. RICHARD THE THIRD.

'Wildered and tossing through distempered dreams.

THOMSON.  
(183)

## Moonlight.

*Moonlight on the water is a most favourable dream for lovers. To dream of the full moon is a fortunate omen, especially for young wives.*

FRANCESCO MANCINI.

THE vision fled,  
The wind arose,  
The clouds were rent,  
They were drifted and scattered abroad ;  
And as I looked and saw  
Where, through the clear, blue sky, the silver moon  
Moved in the light serene,  
A healing influence reached my heart,  
And I felt in my soul  
That the voice of the angel was heard.

SOUTHEY.

I dreamed that I saw the new moon rise,  
Over my shoulder I gazed upon her :  
I made a wish as she met my eyes,  
And I'll tell you it truly—I will, on my honour !

I did not wish for silver or gold,  
(Though I might have had them,) or diamond or pearl,  
But I wished that I might in a love-clasp hold  
Ere long to my bosom, my own dear girl.

X.

Full moon, high sea,  
 Great man shalt thou be.  
 Red dawning, stormy sky,  
 Bloody death shalt thou die.

OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

He sleepeth well, and his dream is bright,  
 Under the moonbeams, chilly and white.

ALICE CAREY.

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## Morning Star.

*To dream of the Morning or Evening Star, shining clear and full, presages strange adventures.*

AT night, methought in dream  
 A shape of speechless beauty did appear ;  
 It stood like light on a careering stream  
 Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere ;  
 A winged youth—*his radiant brow did wear*  
*The Morning Star* :—a wild dissolving bliss  
 Over my frame he breathed ; approaching near,  
 And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness  
 Near mine, and on my lips impressed a lingering kiss.

And said : “ A Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden ;  
 How wilt thou prove thy worth ? ” Then joy and sleep  
 Together fled ; my soul was deeply laden,  
 And to the shore I went to muse and weep ;  
 But as I moved, over my heart did creep  
 A joy less soft, but more profound and strong  
 Than my sweet dream ; and it forbade to keep

The path of the sea shore ; and that Spirit's tongue  
Seemed whispering in my heart, and bore my steps along.

SHELLEY.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds  
He recognised the earth-born Star,  
And *that* which glittered from afar ;  
And (strange to witness !) from the frame  
Of the ethereal orb, there came  
Intelligible sounds.

WORDSWORTH.



## Multitude.

*To dream of a multitude or throng of people hurrying  
to and fro, betokens, to a woman, that she will shortly receive  
an unexpected favour from a man, and vice versa.*

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenor of my waking dream :—  
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know  
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why  
He made one of the multitude ; and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky  
 One of the million leaves of summer's bier ;  
 Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent, did appear—  
 Some flying from the thing they feared, and some  
 Seeking the object of another's fear.

SHELLEY.

Across the plain innumerable crowds,  
 Like me, were on their destined journey bent,  
 Towards the land of shadows and of clouds :  
 One pace they travelled, to one point they went ;—  
 A motley multitude of old and young,  
 Men of all climes and hues, and every tongue.

THE VISION. SOUTHEY.



## Murder.

*To dream of committing murder, presages suffering and oppression.*

' REICHHALTIGES TRAUM BUCH.

“ AND well,” quoth he, “ I know for truth,  
 Their pangs must be extreme ;—  
 Wo, wo, unutterable wo—  
 Who spill life's sacred stream !  
 For why ? *Methought, last night, I wrought  
 A murder in my dream !*

“ One that had never done me wrong,  
    A feeble man and old :  
I led him to a lonely field,  
    The moon shone clear and cold.  
‘ Now here,’ said I, ‘ this man shall die,  
    And I will have his gold !’

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
    And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,  
    And then the deed was done.  
There was nothing lying at my foot,  
    But lifeless flesh and bone.

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
    That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
    For lying there so still ;  
There was a manhood in his look,  
    That murder could not kill !”

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM. By THOMAS HOOD.



## Music.

*Who heareth music in dreams, shall receive a joyful summons.*

ACHMET, c. 254.

WHAT gentle music wakens me,  
And murmurs in my ear?  
Oh, mother, see! Who can it be,  
At this late hour so near?

I hear no sound, no form I see;  
Sink to thy rest so mild;  
No serenade comes now to thee,  
Thou poor and sickly child.

It was no music born of earth,  
That made my heart so light;  
Oh, mother, 'twas the angels' song  
That summoned me—good night!

UHLAND.

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;  
There are looks that will part from us only  
When memory ceases to be;  
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,  
Though toilsome and steep be the way;  
*And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten  
With a light that is clearer than day.*

PRAED,

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

MOORE.

A damsel with a dulcimer,  
 In a vision once I saw ;  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played  
 Singing of Mount Abora.

COLERIDGE'S *Dream Poem*.

—Breathed into a pipe of sycamore  
 Some strangely moving notes ; and these, he said,  
 Were taught him in a dream.

COLERIDGE. *Remorse*.

## Myrtle.

*To dream of myrtle, is a most favourable sign for lovers, especially to ladies. And it is a good omen for agriculturists, since it is sacred both to Ceres and Venus.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

My senses one by one gave place to sleep,  
 Who, followed by a troop of golden slumbers,  
 Thrust from my quiet brain all base encumbers,  
 And thrice me touching with a rod of gold  
 A heaven of visions in my temples rolled ;  
 And while I dreaming lay, O lovely wonder !  
 I saw a pleasant MYRTLE cleave asunder ;  
 A myrtle great with birth, from whose rent womb  
 Three naked nymphs more white than snow, forth come,

For nymphs they seemed ; about their heavenly faces  
 In waves of gold floated their curling tresses ;  
 About their arms, their arms more white than milk,  
 They blushing armlets wore of crimson silk. \* \*  
 All three were fair, yet one excelled as far  
 The rest, as Phœbus doth the Cyprian star,  
 Or diamonds small gems, or gems do other,  
 Or pearls that shining shell is called their mother.  
 Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,  
 Hung in a golden shower above the streams,  
 And dangling sought her forehead for to cover,  
 Which seen, did straight a sky of milk discover,  
 With two fair brows, love's bows which never bend  
 But that a golden arrow forth they send ;  
 Beneath the which two burning planets glancing  
 Flashed flames of love, for love there still is dancing.  
 Her either neck resembled blushing morn,  
 Or roses gules in fields of lilies borne. \* \* \*  
 The rest the stream did hide, but as a lily  
 Sunk in a crystal—

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

## Night and Day.

*To dream of nights and days following each other in regular succession, denotes a life greatly diversified by alternate happiness and misery.*

JOHANNES PRÆTORIUS.

ONCE more the voice  
 Of dreams went out, before me as a wind,  
 And drew my weeping soul. Night came and went,

And days fled swiftly on the rolling wheels  
 Of golden suns ; and seasons, like swift steeds,  
 Burdened with wealth, and driven by ancient Time,  
 Rushed past my sight—and vanished.

On, and on  
 My soul moved trembling through the depths of space,  
 Cherubim brushed it with their snowy wings,  
 And radiant angels of the mercy-seat  
 Breathed Eden's odours as they earthward passed,  
 Drying its tears with their celestial smiles.  
 On through the depths of space—a million worlds,  
 Dazzling in hazy glories, crossed my sight ;  
 Myriads of stars stretched gleaming from my gaze,  
 And countless suns in bright effulgence burned.

AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

The crimson of the maple trees  
 Is lighted by the moon's soft glow ;  
 Oh ! nights like this and things like these  
 Bring back a dream of long ago.

ALICE CAREY.

Night is the time for dreams ;  
 The gay romance of life,  
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
 Blend in fantastic strife ;  
 Ah ! visions less beguiling far  
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

MONTGOMERY.

## Nightingale.

*To hear a nightingale sing, is an omen of pleasant news.*

I KNOW a lovely maiden,  
Would God that she were mine :  
Of milk-white pearls and yellow gold  
She wears a garland fine.

Of gleaming pearl and yellow gold  
She wears a garland gay ;  
She led me with her snow-white hand  
To a merry dance away.

And when afar in foreign lands  
I lay beneath a tree,  
And dreamed I heard my own dear love  
Call out so loud to me.

And as I woke and gazed around,  
The dream had passed away ;  
I only heard Dame Nightingale,  
Who sang upon the spray.

“ Arise thou, good companion,  
And ride through wood and grove,  
Or thou wilt find that thy sweetheart  
Has ta'en another love.”

I tarried not, I waited not,  
 But rode o'er rock and wold ;  
 And heard the wild birds sing around,  
 The young birds and the old.

I tarried not—I waited not,  
 Till I my dearest found ;  
 “ Ah, how couldst thou forget the love  
 To whom thy heart was bound ? ”

“ Ah, how could I forget thee ?  
 Bright diamond that thou art !  
 Whom I have worn enshrined  
 So long within my heart ? ”

GERMAN BALLAD. *Translated by* CHARLES G. LELAND.

## Nightmare.

*An oppressive silent nightmare presages evil. But if you dream of questioning the apparition, note well what it replies, for its words are truly prophetic. If it approach you as Incubus or Succubus, it predicts that something greatly to your advantage will soon occur.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

AND they are gone : ay, ages long ago,  
 These lovers fled away into the storm.  
 That night the baron dreamt of many a wo,  
 And all his warrior guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
 Were long *be-nightmared*.

KEATS.

St. Withold footed thrice the wold,  
 He met the nightmare and her nine fold ;  
     Bid her alight,  
     And her troth plight,  
 And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !

KING LEAR.

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,  
 Ever beware that your couch be blessed ;  
 Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,  
 Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,  
 And all her nine fold sweeping on by her side,  
 Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,  
 Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

SCOTT.



## Nun.

*To dream of seeing a nun, is a sure sign that you will  
 lose some one whom you dearly love.*

DAS REICHHALTIGES TRAUM BUCH.

I STOOD upon a mountain,  
 I gazed down on the Rhine,  
 A ship with knights came sailing ;  
 —They drank the cold red wine.

The youngest of the nobles  
 Upraised his Roman glass ;  
 “I fill to thee, my fairest !  
 To thee the wine must pass !”



“What sign is this thou givest?  
Why off’rest thou such wine?  
Now I must seek the cloister,  
A nun’s sad life be mine!”

And when the midnight sounded,  
Asleep the young knight lay,  
And dreamed that to a cloister  
His love had passed away.

“Awake, my page, awake thee!”  
In fear the noble cried,  
“For we must hasten onward;  
The road is worth the ride.”

“Now, halt before the cloister,  
And let her summoned be!”  
Out came the eldest sister—  
“Bring forth my love to me!”

“No *love* comes in our cloister;  
No love can hence return!”  
“And, if I may not see her,  
Your cloister home I’ll burn!”

Pale as her snow-white garment,  
His love came from her cell;  
“They’ve shorn away my tresses;  
For ever fare thee well!”

He sat before the cloister,  
The glass in pieces flew;  
He gazed adown the valley;  
—His heart was broken too.

## Nymphs.

*To dream of water-nymphs or Undines, presages pleasure, with a melancholy end.*

—And the much softness lulled me asleep,  
When in a vision as it seemed to me,  
Triumphal music from the flood arose,  
As when the sov'reign we embarkèd see,  
And by fair London for his pleasure rows,  
Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:  
    The people swarming on the pestered shores,  
    And the curled waters overspread with oars.  
A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,  
In the full end of this triumphal sound,  
And me incompassed, taking hand in hand,  
Casting themselves about me in a round,  
And so down set them on the easy ground,  
    Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace,  
    Upon my swart and melancholy face.

DRAYTON.

Alas, the moon should ever beam  
    To show what man should never see!  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
    And fair was she!

I stayed awhile to see her throw  
    Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
    With clouds of jet.

I stayed a little while to view  
 Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,  
 The bloom of water, tender blue,  
 Daintily spread.

I stayed to watch a little space,  
 The parted lips, if she would sing;  
 The waters closed above her face,  
 With many a ring.

And still I stayed a little more;  
 Alas! she never comes again.  
 I throw my flowers from the shore,  
 And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away;  
 I know that I must vainly pine,  
 For I am made of mortal clay,  
 But she's divine.

HOOD.

—♦—

## Oak.

*To dream of an oak-tree, presages great wealth and a long life.*

ARTEMIDORUS, lib. 2, c. 25.

BENEATH an ancient oak he lay;  
 More years than man can count, they say,  
 On the verge of the dim and solemn wood,  
 Through sunshine and storm, that oak had stood.

That night the minstrel laid him down  
Ere his brow relaxed its sullen frown ;  
And slumber had bound its eyelids fast,  
Ere the evil wish from his soul had passed.  
And a song on the sleeper's ear descended,  
A song it was pain to hear and pleasure,  
So strangely wrath and love were blended  
In every tone of the mystic measure.

“I know thee, child of earth ;  
The morning of thy birth,  
In through the lattice did my chariot glide ;  
I saw thy father weep  
Over thy first wild sleep,  
I rocked thy cradle when thy mother died.  
I bind thee in the snare  
Of thine unholy prayer ;  
I seal thy forehead with a viewless seal :  
I give into thy hand  
The buckler and the brand,  
And clasp the golden spur upon thy heel.  
When thou hast made thee wise  
In the sad lore of sighs,  
When the world's visions fail thee and forsake,  
Return, return to me,  
And to my Haunted Tree ;  
The charm hath bound thee now ;—sir knight, awake !”

LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED OAK. PRAED.

## Old Age.

*To dream that you are aged, says NICEPHORUS, betokens that you will soon receive money. To see old people, presages that you will ere long associate with the young, and vice versa.*

ON yonder mountain far away,  
There groweth high the mournful rue ;  
And there in sleep I lay.

And as my sleep went calmly by,  
A lovely dream around me flew,  
All on the mountain high.

And in my dream, so soft and sweet,  
A pretty maid in garment gay  
Was standing by my feet.

And when from out my dream I woke,  
An ugly wife both old and gray  
Stood near with grin and joke.

If old wives could for young be given,  
I'd let them go, with gown and hood,  
Though it were one for seven.

I'd cheat some youth ere long with mine,  
And give to boot a dinner good,  
Therewith a flask of wine.

UHLAND, VOLKSLIEDER, p. 750.

Translated by C. G. LELAND.

## Owl.

*To see an owl in dreams, presages some good fortune of a singular and eccentric character; but to hear their cry, betokens sorrow, affliction, and death.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

GRIM night on th' earth did frowne,  
And I in carefull bed had laid me downe,  
Where for musitian that with sweetest breath,  
Had wont to lull my watchful sense asleepe :  
The ghastly OWLE, the fatall bird of Death,  
That on my chamber walles her inne did keepe,  
In my poore trembling heart impressed deepe  
The feare of death, with her too deadly note  
Which oft she shrieked through her balefull throte.

A WINTER NIGHT'S VISION. RICHARD NICCOLS, A.D. 1610.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,  
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright ;  
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,  
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain ;  
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again ;  
He rang at the palace gate once more,  
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,  
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream.  
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—  
Oh ! glad was he when he saw the daylight.

SOUTHEY.  
(201)

## Painting.

*To dream of painting, presages success in love and prosperity in life.*

THERE lived a pious painter long ago in fair Cologne,  
Often in his blessed moments have the angels round him  
    flown,  
Until grateful for the visions, which like blessings o'er him  
    fall,  
He hath vowed to paint the Virgin on the holy chapel wall.

Night and day the painter laboured, but could never e'en  
    begin  
To express the high conception which his soul had formed  
    within :  
Till, with work and waiting weary, soft the artist sinks to  
    sleep,  
And again the loveliest visions in a dream around him  
    sweep.

Angels twain have seized his palette, and the one begins to  
    paint  
On the wall, a wondrous picture of the blessed Mary-Saint.  
Then in turn the brother labours, and thus working, one  
    by one,  
Soon they cease, and smile contented—lo ! the lovely form  
    is done !



Lo! the lovely form is finished, and the angels sweetly  
sing,

“Give to God alone the glory!” and ascend on gleaming  
wing.

“Yea; to God be all the glory!” answering, the painter  
spoke.

Lo! before him stood the picture—angel-painted—when  
he woke!

*Translated from the German of SIMROCK, by C. G. LELAND.*

## Pearls.

Margaritæ significant lachrymarum flumen—*Pearls signify a torrent of tears.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

—SEEST thou on her dishevelled hairs

*Fair pearls* in order set?

Believe, young man, all those were *tears*

By wretched woers sent,

In mournful hyacinth and rue,

That figure discontent;

Which, when not warmed by her view,

By cold neglect, each one

Congealed to pearl and stone;

Which precious spoils upon her,

She wears as trophies of her honour.

Ah, then consider what all this implies;

She that will wear thy tears would wear thine eyes.

HERRICK.

See these pearls, that long have slept;

These were tears by naiads wept

For the loss of Marinel.  
 Tritons in the silver shell  
 Treasured them, till hard and white  
 As the teeth of Amphitrite.

*The Bridal of Triermain.* SCOTT.

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## Perfumes.

*To dream of perfumes, indicates great fortune in friendship, especially if the odours seem to rise around you in light vapours, as from a censer.*

JOHANNES PRÆTORIUS.

*To inhale perfumes, presages wealth, advantages, honour, and celebrity.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

ONE kiss the maiden gives, one last  
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving.  
 "Sleep!" said the PERI, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast;  
 Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirred  
 The enchanted pile of that holy bird,  
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,  
 And in music and perfume dies away.

MOORE.

—And sleep and wake in scented airs,  
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

IBID.

## Phantoms—Apparitions.

*To dream of phantoms flitting silently around, forebodes evil.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

WE meet as men see phantoms in a dream,  
Which glide and sigh, and sign, and move their lips,  
But make no sound ; or, if they utter voice,  
'Tis but a low and undistinguished moaning,  
Which has nor word nor sense of uttered sound.

SCOTT.

They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.  
For know, there are two worlds of life and death :  
One, that which thou beholdest ; but the other  
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit  
The shadows of all forms that think and live  
Till death unite them and they part no more ;  
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,  
And all that faith creates or love desires  
Terrible, strange, sublime, and beauteous shapes.  
There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,  
'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains ; all the gods  
Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,  
Vast sceptred phantoms ; heroes, men, and beasts ;  
And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom.

SHELLEY,

The vision that before her shone,  
 Through all the maze of blood and storm,  
 Is fled—'twas but a phantom-form—  
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,  
 Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams  
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
 In trance or slumber round the soul.

MOORE.

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### Pictures—Portraits.

*To dream of pictures or portraits, presages, according to VON GERSTENBERGK, unexpected pleasure, delight, or a new friend. Other writers declare that this dream denotes disappointment. These predictions are appropriate to all inanimate figures or images.*

—THERE in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
*And let some strange, mysterious dream*  
*Wave at his wings in airy stream*  
*Of lively portraiture displayed,*  
 Softly on my eyelids laid;  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

MILTON.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut.  
I see a fountain large and fair,  
A willow, and a ruined hut,  
And thee and me and Mary there.  
O, Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;  
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow.

COLERIDGE.

Sometimes in sleeping dreams of night,  
Or waking dreams of day,  
The self-same picture seeks my sight,  
And will not fade away.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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## Prifon.

*To dream of imprisonment, presages hindrance in our most needful affairs, with detention and delay; while in matters of health, it betokens prolonged sickness. Yet to those in extreme suffering, it is an omen of safety.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

STONE walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618-58.

A prison is a place of care,  
 A grave for men alive ;  
 A touchstone for to trie a friende,  
 A place to make men thrive.

*Defuncio Carceris, by THOS. WENMAN.*



## Prosperity—Happinefs.

*Strange, wild dreams of extravagant pleasure and happiness, presage disappointment and sorrow.*

VON GERSTENBERGK'S DREAM LEXICON.

I HAD a vision yesternight  
 Of a fairer land than this,  
 Where Heaven was clothed in warmth and light,  
 Where earth was full of bliss ;  
 And every tree was rich with fruits,  
 And every field with flowers ;  
 And every zephyr wakened lutes  
 In passion-haunted bowers.

And I was more than six feet high,  
 And fortunate and wise ;  
 And I had a voice of melody,  
 And beautiful black eyes ;

My horses like the lightning went,  
My barrels carried true ;  
And I held my tongue at an argument,  
And winning cards at loo.

I saw an old Italian priest  
Who spoke without disguise ;  
And I dined with a Judge, who swore like Best,  
All libels should be lies.

I bought for a penny a two-penny loaf  
Of wheat, and nothing more ;  
I danced with a female philosopher,  
Who was not quite a bore.

And there were Kings who never went  
To cuffs for half-a-crown ;  
And Lawyers who were eloquent  
Without a wig or gown ;  
And Statesmen who forebore to praise  
Their greyhounds or their guns ;  
And Poets who deserved the bays,  
And did not dread the duns.

It was an idle dream—but thou,  
Beloved one ! wert there ;  
With thy dark clear eyes and beaming brow,  
White neck and floating hair :  
And oh ! I had an honest heart ;  
And a house of Portland stone ;  
And thou wert dear, as still thou art ;  
And more than dear—my own.

Oh, bitterness ! the morning broke,  
Alike for boor and bard ;



And thou wert married when I woke,  
 And all the rest were marred :  
 And toil and trouble, noise and steam,  
 Came back with coming ray,  
 And if I thought the dead could dream,  
 I'd hang myself to-day.

PRAED.

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## Rain.

*Rain, and showers and tempests, presage disturbances, perils and destruction. But to servants, and the poor and suffering, they betoken a change of condition, and deliverance from their affliction, for great storms are followed by a calm.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*To dream of rain, is destruction to love.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

THESE weeping skies, these weeping skies !  
 They weep so much that I weep too ;  
 And everything, like Mary's eyes,  
 Around, above, below, looks *blue*.  
 Such days as these will never do,  
 My muse can never soar again ;  
 Her wings are wetted through and through,  
 She tries to fly, but all in vain.  
 O ! skies that weep so much, will kill  
 The muses, and their servant, Love ;  
 Their home is on the sunny hill,  
 Where nought is *blue*, but Heaven above.

PERCIVAL.

How beautiful is the rain !  
 After the dust and heat,  
 In the broad and fiery street,  
 In the narrow lane,  
 How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
 Like the tramp of hoofs !  
 How it gushes and struggles out  
 From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
 Across the window pane  
 It pours and pours ;  
 And swift and wide,  
 With a muddy tide,  
 Like a river down the gutter roars  
 The rain, the welcome rain !

LONGFELLOW.

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## Rainbow.

*To dream of a rainbow, is always a promising omen to the suffering and poor.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud Philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.

For faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow dim with age  
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it: very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.

ECCLESIASTICUS, c. 43.

Where shall we seek a symbol for the fair soul of that woman who suffers much, yet ever looks up to God; who, however she may weep and bleed *within*, ever appears calm and smiling to the world, and who can neither be agitated nor darkened by the storms of life?—Where but in *Heaven*—there bends the Rainbow! The clouds and winds break it not, it beameth ever in the light of its sun, its drops become beautiful hues, and it reposes in Heaven as the gleaming morning-dew of a lovely day.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

## Red.

*To dream that all around is red, such as a vision of light gleaming, crimson garments, sanguine faces, and ruddy skies, betokens death and wounds, yet unaccompanied with harm to yourself unless the red be mixed with black, which is an evil omen for you and for all.*

NIC. VON KLINGELBERG.

—CERTES this dreme, which ye have met to-night  
 Cometh of the great superfluitie  
 Of red color that is in you, parde,  
 Which causen folke to dred in her dreames  
 Of arrowes, and of fire with red lemes,  
 Of red beastes that wollen hem bite,  
 Of conteke\* and of wasps great and lite,

\* Contention, strife.

Right as the humor of melancholie  
 Causeth many a man in sleepe to cry,  
 For feare of greate bulles, and of beres blacke,  
 Or els that blacke devils woll hem take.

CHAUCER.

His palace bright,  
 Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,  
 And touched with shade of bronzèd obelisks,  
 Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,  
 Arches and domes, and fiery galleries ;  
 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds  
 Flushed angrily.

KEATS.

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## Rest—Tranquillity.

*To dream of repose and quiet, presages persecution and  
 uneasiness.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

THE spell is on me, and a dream is mine ;  
 The rude world's thought-disturbing atmosphere  
 Is lifted from my spirit, and the clear  
 Pure elements of freer skies combine  
 Above the dreaming couch where I recline.  
 A sense of deep serene deliciousness  
 Flows through me like a lover's fond caress,  
 Forestalling life we vaguely call divine.  
 Born of this calm and yet delicious feeling,  
 Unnumbered fancies crowd along my brain,  
 Brighter than sun-lit drops of falling rain,  
 And instinct with a wild intense revealing.

Oh! what a mystery is the life of dreams,  
A life that is and is not what it seems.

CLARENCE ELWIN.

When, like a stream to lands of flame,  
Unto my mind a vision came.  
Methought, from human haunts and strife  
Remote, we lived a loving life;  
Our wedded spirits seemed to blend  
In harmony too sweet to end;  
Such concord as the echoes cherish  
Fondly, but leave at length to perish.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

## Riding.

*To dream of riding, presages good fortune, especially to the children of the dreamer. It also indicates pleasant journeys, and great stability in worldly affairs; but it will be a long time ere the latter be assured.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I HAD a vision when the night was late :  
A youth came riding toward a palace gate ;  
He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,  
Had not the heavy rider kept him down.  
And from the palace came a child of sin,  
And took him by the curls, and led him in,  
Where sat a company with heated eyes,  
Expecting when a fountain should arise :

A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—  
 As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,  
 Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes—  
 Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,  
 By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

THE VISION OF SIN. TENNYSON.

Sweep downward, streams of air!  
 And thou, my cloudy chariot, drop thy shade  
 To roll like dust, behind thy silent wheels,  
 And draw round earth the triumph of our march!  
 See where from zone to zone, the shadow moves—  
 A spot upon the desert's golden glare—  
 A deeper blue on the far-stretching plains  
 Of ocean's foamy azure.

THE VOYAGE OF A DREAM. BAYARD TAYLOR.



## Ring.

*To wear a gold ring, betokens dignity, wealth, and regard. To lose a ring, indicates the loss of love.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

LONG time I sat at even late  
 Till cock crowing alone,  
 Nor longer could I aught await,—  
 The wood was burnt and gone.

I slept, I dreamed, it to me seemed,  
 Ah me, unhappy maid!

The gold ring from my finger fell,  
That my right hand displayed.

Out slipped a costly stone of price  
That in the ring should be ;—  
The precious stone I never found ;—  
No lover came to me.

*From the Bohemian "RUKOPIS KRALODVOISKY," or "Manuscript  
of the Queen's Court." Translated by A. H. WRATISLAW.*

I like that ring—that ancient ring,  
Of massive form and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love the token :  
What varied feelings round it cling !—  
For these I like the ancient ring.

GEORGE W. DOANE.



## Rivers.

*Clear rivers flowing gently, are a good omen to the humble, to those involved in litigation, and to travellers. But if muddy and torrent-like, they portend oppression and mishaps.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

RIVER, O river of light! whereon  
The eyes of my youth were cast,  
And many an idle hour and day  
In mirth and joy were past!  
Still bright and quiet thou flowest on,  
As flowed my earliest years,  
Without a ripple, save those that rise  
Beneath my dropping tears.

River, O river! the trees still shake  
Their leaves in thy passing tide;  
And the nodding flowers, the glassed flowers see,  
That mock them as they glide.  
'Twas thus, even thus, in ages gone;  
But others,—alas, all flown!—  
Were wont to sit on thy gray old rocks,  
Where now I rest alone.

River, O river! my lady yet  
Walks on thy verdant shore;  
But though she smiles on thy bright blue waves,  
She smiles on me no more.

I will not look on thy happy tide,  
 Nor list to thy breeze's stir,  
 When knowing, however she sighs by thee,  
 Another sighs with her.

BIRD.

Rivers from bubbling springs  
 Have rise at first; and great from abject things.

MIDDLETON.

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## Rocks.

*To dream of rocks, presages danger and cruel suffering.*

DAS REICHHALTIGE TRAUM BUCH.

THE dream changed; in a cave she stood, its walls  
 Were hung with marble icicles; the work  
 Of ages on its water-fretted walls,  
 Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;  
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls  
 Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears, *and murk*  
*The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught,*  
 Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.

BYRON.

I dreamed I stood upon a rock, that reared  
 Its solitary peak from out an ocean  
 Whose broad expanse no sunbeam ever cheered,  
 But a dim twilight veiled its wild commotion;  
 And 'gainst that rock the foaming surges broke,  
 Which trembled to its base at every stroke.

And round about me was no living thing ;  
 No sea-bird flapped the gloom on weary pinion ;  
 Upon the watery waste no ship's white wing  
 Could be discerned, to tell of man's dominion :  
 But all did seem like Nature's primal sleep,  
 When darkness veiled the void and formless deep.

All, save the chilly wind that fiercely blew,  
 And a strange light that from the billows streaming,  
 Just served to make them visible, and threw  
 Upon that lonely rock a fitful gleaming ;  
 But overhead primeval darkness hung,  
 Through which not even a star its radiance flung.

N. Y. KNICKERBOCKER.



## Roses.

*To dream of roses, is a most unfavourable omen for those who propose undertaking anything which requires secrecy, (qui latere conantur), and also for the sick. But to all others they presage happiness.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

KING HAVOR dreamed a mystic dream  
 As he slept in the silent night,  
 And told it to his mother dear  
 In the early morning light.

“I dreamed I rode in greenwood wild,  
 No other man was there :  
 There grew two roses round my arm,  
 And both were young and fair.

“ There grew two roses round my arm,  
 And both were fair and young ;  
 The birds upon the linden bough,  
 They praised the flowers and sung.”

And no one in King Habor's hall  
 Could read that dream aright,  
 Only his mother knew it well,  
 And warm tears dimmed her sight.

“ Although thou fated art to win  
 A maiden white and red,  
 Yet I am doomed to wail and weep,  
 For my son will soon be dead.

“ And if thou fated art to win  
 And wear thy fair young wife,  
 Then I am doomed to wail and weep,  
 For she'll cost thee body and life !”

HABOR AND FAIR SIGNIL.

*Translated from the Swedish by C. G. LELAND.*

I dreamt the Roses one time went  
 To meet, and sit in Parliament ;  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotless breast ;  
 Over the which a state was drawn  
 Of tiffany, or cobweb-lawn :  
 Then in that Parley, all those powers  
 Voted the Rose the queen of flowers :  
 But so as that herself should be  
 The maid of honour unto thee.

HERRICK.

## Ruins.

*“Ruins seen in dreams, presage,” according to VON GERSTENBERGK, “repentance and remorse.” According to another authority, they are ominous of a loss of good fortune.*

- —MOURNFUL images my soul possessed,  
And mingled with the visions of my rest.  
Methought that I was travelling o'er a plain,  
Whose limits far beyond all reach of sense  
The aching, anxious sight explored in vain;  
How came I there I could not tell, nor whence.

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,  
With huge and mouldering ruins widely spread;  
Wastes which had whilome fertile regions been,  
Tombs which had lost all record of the dead.  
And where the dim horizon seemed to close,  
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

THE VISION. SOUTHEY.

Men say that in this midnight hour  
The disembodied have power  
To wander as it liketh them,  
By wizard oak and fairy stream—  
Through still and solemn places,  
And by old walls and tombs, to dream  
With pale, cold, mournful faces.  
I fear them not; for they must be  
Spirits of kindest sympathy,

Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel  
 The beauties of this calm night steal  
 Like music o'er them, while they wooed  
 The luxury of Solitude.

MOTHERWELL.

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## Sailing.

*If you dream of sailing pleasantly along, the omen is highly favourable ; but if in a storm, danger and grief are at hand. A wreck is the worst possible dream. To sail on land is an evil sign, and to dream of sailing far away without returning, presages death.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

HAST thou seen the ancient river ?

Hast thou seen its waves ?

And the sunlight shining ever

In its pearlèd caves ?

I have seen the mighty river ;

Like a bridal band

Were the white-sailed ships and gallies

Anchored by its strand.

Didst thou see a queenly vessel ?

Had it favouring gales ?

Was a golden star embroidered

On its silken sails ?

Saw I but a black gondola,

Sailing far from me :

And its course was ever onward

To the endless sea.

Ever onward, never ending,  
Through the silent streams ;  
Like a weary soul, for ever  
Lost in 'wildered dreams.

C. G. LELAND.

Haste and take my parting hand !  
We are pushing from the land,  
And adown a lovely stream  
Gently floating—is't a dream ?  
For the oarsman near me sings,  
Keeping time with snowy wings.

ALICE CAREY.

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## Sailors.

*Great reward or profit is presaged by dreaming of a sailor.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

A SAILOR ever loves to be in motion,  
Roaming about he scarce knows where or why ;  
He looks upon the dim and shadowy ocean  
As home, abhors the land ; and e'en the sky,  
Boundless and beautiful, has naught to please,  
Except some clouds which promise him a breeze.

He is a child of mere impulse and passion,  
Loving his friends, and generous to his foes,  
And fickle as the most ephemeral fashion,  
Save in the cut and colour of his clothes,



And in a set of phrases, which on land  
The wisest head could never understand.

I love the sailor—his eventful life—

His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—  
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife ;

And, though a wild and reckless ocean ranger,  
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,  
Where storms are hushed, and billows break no more.

REV. WALTER COLTON.

With gold and silver streamers fine  
The ladies' rigging show ;  
But English ships more grandly shine,  
When prizes home we tow.  
What's got at sea, we spend on shore  
With sweethearts and with wives,  
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more ;  
*Thus sailors pass their lives.*  
And a sailing they do go.

THE CONVIVIAL SONGSTER. 1782.

## Saint Agnes's Eve.

*St. Agnes's Day is the 21st of January, and it was anciently believed that on its eve any maiden might know in dreams who her husband would be. From an old English dream book, we learn that this was to be done by fasting twenty-four hours on pure spring water, "then go to bed, and mind you sleep alone, telling no one of what you are trying, or it will break the spell; go to rest on your left side, repeating these lines three times—*

*'St. Agnes be a friend to me,  
In the gift I ask of thee;  
Let me this night my husband see,'—*

*and you will dream of your future spouse."*

—THEY told her how upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight;  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily-white;  
Nor look behind, nor sidewise, but require  
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;  
The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine  
Fixed on the floor; saw many a sweeping train

Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain:  
 But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere—  
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

KEATS.



## Sea.

*To dream that you behold the sea with its waves gently undulating and of a beautiful blue or purple shade, as in very fine weather, is an especially favourable omen, and one portending great deeds.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

*To dream of hearing the roaring of the sea, indicates confusion and bustle in affairs.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

*To see the ocean stormy, presages strife and contention.*

DAS REICHHALTIGE TRAUM BUCH.

IT is the sea, it is the sea,  
 In all its vague immensity,  
 Fading and darkening in the distance!  
 Silent, majestic, and slow,  
 The white ships haunt it to and fro,  
 With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
 As phantoms from another world  
 Haunt the dim confines of existence.

*The Golden Legend.* LONGFELLOW.

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Thou glorious sea, more pleasing far  
When all thy waters are at rest,  
And noonday sun, or midnight star,  
Is shining on thy waveless breast.

HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,  
For ever and the same!  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,  
Those thunders naught can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich bowers of earth,  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,  
Through many an olden clime,  
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
To every wind and sky,  
And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
In that one harmony.

HEMANS.

## Sea Shells.

*To dream of sea shells, is an omen that you will soon be reminded of things long past, or of places far away. It also presages a journey beyond the sea.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

OF pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,  
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave,  
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

LANDOR.

### CONCHA VENERIS.

Where erst the sea-waves' gentle swell  
In murmurs met my ear,  
The sorrows of the breathing shell  
I heard, and yet I hear.

'Twas melting Venus stored with sighs  
Of love, this tender token;  
And never its sweet sympathies  
Shall cease till it be broken.

POLWHELE.

(228)

I dreamed last night you brought me shells,  
 Great shells of chocolate and pearl,  
 Or those long cones which ocean belles  
 Use, to put emerald locks in curl :  
 And large white cups with scalloped rim,  
 Cut out like waves so sharp and fair,  
 As if the sea had willed, though lost,  
 Their mother's mark they still should bear.

C. G. LELAND.



## Serpents—Snakes.

*To dream of serpents, forebodes that you will be exposed to brutal ill-nature from a man, or treachery from a woman. Snakes coiling and twisting, presage sickness or imprisonment. Killing them, is an omen of victory and success.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

*Treading on serpents, you will overcome your enemies.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

AND in my dream methought I went  
 To search out what might there be found ;  
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
 I went and peered, and could descry  
 No cause for her distressful cry ;  
 But yet for her dear lady's sake  
 I stooped, methought, the dove to take.

When lo ! I saw a bright green snake  
 Coiled around its wings and neck.  
 Green as the herbs on which it couched,  
 Close by the dove its head it crouched !  
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !  
 I woke ; it was the midnight hour, '
 The clock was echoing in the tower ;  
 But though my slumber was gone by,  
 This dream it would not pass away—  
 It seemed to live upon my eye !  
 And thence I vowed this self-same day,  
 With music strong and saintly song  
 To wander through the forest bare,  
 Lest aught unholy linger there.

COLERIDGE. *Christabel.*

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## Ship.

*To dream of a ship sailing away from the shore, is a sign of sorrow.*

I DREAMED not long ago  
 I stood on a rocky steep,—  
 On a cliff by the ocean's strand ;—  
 And I looked far over the land,  
 And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,  
 A stately bark lay moored,



The surge its dark side laving,—  
Gayly its flag was waving,  
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold, there came from the mountains  
A merry, merry band ;  
Bedecked with garlands bright,  
They seemed like spirits of light,  
As they tripped along the strand.

“ Say, pilot, wilt thou take us ? ”  
“ What nymphs be ye so gay ? ”  
“ Earth’s Joys and Pleasures are we,  
From Earth we fain would flee,  
O ! bear us from Earth away ! ”

Then the pilot, he bade them enter ;  
And they entered one by one.  
“ But tell me, are here all ? ”  
Are none left in bower or hall ? ”  
And they answered, “ There are none. ”

Away, then !—the bark leaped forth,  
Unmoored from the anchor’s thrall ;  
And away she sped with a glorious motion,  
And I saw them vanish over the ocean,—  
Earth’s Joys and Pleasures all.

UHLAND. *Translated by F. H. HEDGE.*

Visions of love-light seen and fled,  
Swift barks of gladness met and hailed,  
Of beacon fires and land ahead !

ALICE CAREY.

## Singing.

*To dream of hearing singing, denotes the confirmation of hopes. But if the dreamer is the singer, it forebodes disappointment.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

'TWAS a child  
That up the aisle, advancing to the footlamps,  
Drew near, and, with her hands locked carelessly,  
Sang with a fearless joyfulness. Her voice  
Was fresh as May winds; wilder than the lark,  
That swoops and circles in its upward flight,  
Delirious with music. Scarce the ear  
Marked how, through labyrinths of song, it held  
One clue of melody—its notes, like pearls,  
Strung on the silken thread they half concealed.  
Her voice was but the sail her happy spirit  
Urged to its utmost speed through waves of sound.  
When *Marcia* sang, each silver arrow sped  
True to the mark; but these seemed flung at random.  
No bird that sings among the summer leaves  
E'er voiced his spirit with such deep delight.  
And when she ceased, and the loud orchestra  
Took up the strain, the multitude o'erwhelmed it  
With a continuous thunder.

EDITH MAY.

Oft have I dreamed of music rare and fine,  
The wedded melody of lute and voice,

Divinest strains that made my soul rejoice,  
 And woke its inner harmonies divine.  
 And where Sicilia smoothes the ruffled seas,  
 And Enna hollows all its purple vales,  
 Thrice have I heard the noble nightingales  
 All night entranced beneath the bloomy trees ;  
 But music, nightingales, and all that thought  
 Conceives of song are naught  
 To thy rich voice, which echoes in my brain,  
 And fills my longing heart with a melodious pain.

STODDARD.

*Rossignou que cantes sans cessa  
 Dins mon jardi,  
 Vai-t'en a m'amiga aiço pressa,  
 De bon mati.*

Nightingale that ceaseless sings  
 In the green grove,  
 Hasten with swiftest wings  
 To her I love !  
 Sing to her with thy gentlest notes  
 Thy loveliest song ;  
 Sing—if she loves me, I'll rejoice  
 My whole life long !

Sleepeth she in the leafy bowers  
 Where roses blow ?  
 Wake her not in the happiest hours  
 Of earth below.  
 Sing softly, sweetly in her ear,  
 Her heart to move ;  
 She'll deem it all a dream, and hear  
 How much I love.

See if she lends an ear, and seeks  
 To hark to thee ;  
 Listen, if in her sleep she speaks  
 One word of me.  
 Is my name murmured ?—then on wings  
 Swift as the wind,  
 Be as a messenger who brings  
 Peace to my mind.

*Translated from the Provençal Patois of Montpellier,*

BY HENRY P. LELAND.



## Sleep.

*To dream of sleeping, betokens peace. To see one of your sex asleep, forebodes enmity. A beautiful woman sleeping, is a sign of betrayal—a handsome man, indicates deceit. A husband or wife, presages happiness.*

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer ?  
 What is more soothing than the pretty hummer  
 That stays one moment in an open flower,  
 And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower ?  
 What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing,  
 In a green island far from all men's knowing ?  
 More healthful than the leafiness of dales ?  
 More secret than a nest of nightingales ?  
 More serene than Cordelia's countenance ?  
 More full of visions than a high romance ?  
 What but thee, Sleep ? Soft closer of our eyes !  
 Low murmurer of tender lullabies !

Light hoverer around our happy pillows!  
 Wreather of poppy buds and weeping willows!  
 Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!  
 Most happy listener! when the morning blesses  
 Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes  
 That glance so brightly at the new sunrise!

KEATS.

As I lay in my bed, slepe full unmete  
 Was unto me, but why that I ne might  
 Rest I ne wis, for there nas erthly wight  
 (As I suppose) had more of hertis ese  
 Than I, for I nad sicknesse nor dise.

CHAUCER.

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## Spirits:

*Spirits clad in white, presage joy and extreme good fortune.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

ALL over doth this outer earth  
 An inner earth unfold,  
 And sounds may reach us of its mirth  
 Over its pales of gold:  
 There spirits live, unwedded all  
 From the shades and shapes they wore,  
 Though still their printless footsteps fall  
 By the hearths they loved before.

We know them not, nor hear the sound  
They make in threading all around,  
Their office sweet and mighty prayer  
Float without echo on the air ;

Yet sometimes in unworldly places,  
Soft sorrows twilight vales ;

We meet them with uncovered faces  
Outside their golden pales.

Though dim, as they must ever be,  
Like ships far off and out at sea,  
With the sun upon their sails.

ANONYMOUS.

Then a sad vision came to me ;  
All in the still and shadowy night,  
A figure clad in robes of white  
Stood on the margin of the sea :  
A figure clad in robes of white,  
And looking as an angel might,  
Who, folding close each marble hand,  
Knelt lowly on the glistening sand ;  
And with still, pale lips raised to Heaven,  
Looked up as to a brighter land.

THE MORNING WATCH.

## Stars.

*To dream of the stars, is the most favourable omen for men.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

A VISION passed upon my soul,  
I still was gazing up to heaven,  
As in the early hours of even  
I still beheld the planets roll,  
And all those countless sons of light  
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless  
night.

*The Vision of Liberty, by HENRY WARE.*

I slept. But these ineffable bright hues  
Were busy with my fancy. I dreamt. Off  
In the warm ocean of the western sky  
I saw two beautiful strange orbs, that seemed  
To sail among the zephyrs, and to catch  
The glories of the air in which they bathed.  
The one was delicate as thought—just seen,  
Clear as the eyes of angels—and as fair!  
And round its thin circumference there went  
The shifting wonders of the rainbow—fire,  
And sky and ocean, landscape, men and trees,  
And blossoms, and gold fruits—crystals and gems—  
Those thousand, thousand luxuries of light,  
That play upon a bubble's gossamer.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.



Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow  
 shade,  
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid.

TENNYSON.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

LONGFELLOW.

The stars were mingled with my dreams.

WORDSWORTH.



## Statues.

*It is fortunate to dream of statues, especially if they be made of noble and costly materials. Statues refer especially to the great men of a city, and the appearance of such images in dreams signifies, that great political events will speedily come to pass. Terror and danger is presaged by moving statues, especially by those of the gods.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

—It was filled with sculptures rarest,  
 Of forms most beautiful and strange,  
 Like nothing human, but the fairest  
 Of winged shapes, whose legions range  
 Throughout the sleep of those who are,  
 Like this same lady, good and fair.

And as she looked, still lovelier grew  
Those marble forms ;—the sculptor sure  
Was a strong spirit, and the hue  
Of his own mind did there endure  
After the touch, whose power had braided  
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

She looked—the flames were dim, the flood  
Grew tranquil as a woodland river  
Winding through hills in solitude ;  
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver  
And their fair limbs to float in motion,  
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

And their lips moved ; one seemed to speak,  
When suddenly the mountain crackt,  
And through the chasm the floor did break  
With an earth-uplifting cataract :  
The statues gave a joyous scream,  
And on its wings the pale thin dream  
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale,  
Waked the fair lady from her sleep,  
And she arose, while from the veil  
Of her dark eyes, the dream did creep ;  
And she walked about as one who knew  
*That sleep has sights as clear and true  
As any waking eyes can view.*

## Storm.

*Storms presage disturbances, perils, and destruction.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I DREAMED I lay where flowers were springing,  
Gayly in the sunny beam ;  
Listening to the wild birds singing,  
By a falling, crystal stream ;  
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;  
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave ;  
Trees with aged arms were warring  
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

BURNS.

—Now darker grew the crowded atmosphere ;  
There was no moon on high, and not a star  
Peeped through the sable canopy ; the blast  
Rang loud, and now with roar more terrible  
Swept o'er the foaming wave. \* \* \*

As thus we sailed,  
More furious howled the storm, and in the air  
So black and pitchy, forms appeared to float  
More black, and of terrific character.

A moment's calm prevailed ;  
The mountain billows held their foaming heads  
Suspended in the clouds, to aid the still  
And petrifying silence ; then again  
They fell in thundering cataracts ; the winds  
Burst on resistless, and together joined  
Ocean and air to augment the fearful scene.

COTTLE'S *Alfred*.  
(240)

## Sun.

*To dream of seeing the sun rise in all his splendour, is a good sign for all good men. But to those who hide in the dark to do evil, it is ominous of detection and disgrace. But the most favourable of all signs is, to dream that the sun shines into your house.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

KNOW'ST thou not,  
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad, unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, bloody here ;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

*King Richard II.* SHAKSPEARE.

The all-beholding sun yet shines ; I hear  
A busy stir of men about the streets ;  
I see the bright sky through the window-panes ;  
It is a garish, broad, and peering day ;  
Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears ;  
And every little corner, nook, and hole,  
Is penetrated with the insolent light.

SHELLEY.

The beauty of a wildering dream  
Hung softly round declining day.

ALICE CAREY.

Where are they now, the dreams we dreamed,  
That scattered sunshine o'er us?

IBID.

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## Swallows.

*To dream of these birds, presages grief and parting, if  
not the death of those we love.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I HEARD THE SWALLOWS chirping in the early morning  
gleam,  
They called me from a sleeping to a silent waking dream,  
A dream of ancient Fable Time, when Procne yet was  
young,  
And Philomel a lady fair, still sang in Grecian tongue.

Oh, Spring bird of the early flowers, first minstrel of the  
year,  
Fast-darting herald of the morn—right welcome art thou  
here.

Thou art the truest Troubadour, for who to-day doth sing  
So constantly of winter past—so oft of coming spring?

Thou'rt called by all a merry bird, and merry dost thou  
seem,  
But thou wert aye a wonder-bird of mystery and dream:

Where wonest thou in winter-tide in lands beyond the sea?  
 Last of the pilgrims *d'outré mer*, what shrine can summon  
 thee?

“My shrine is broad, my shrine is wide, it spreads below,  
 above,

A heathen shrine, a Christian shrine—the shrine of living  
 love:

I build my altars ever, where I rounded them of yore,  
 And my nestlings are my offerings—till life and love are  
 o'er.”

C. G. LELAND.

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## Swan.

*To dream of beautiful white swans, presages wealth; but  
 to hear them sing, is a sign of death.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)  
 Strains, which as sage Antiquity believed  
 By waking ears have sometimes been received  
 Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;  
 A most melodious requiem, a supreme  
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
 By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
 For is she not the votary of Apollo?  
 And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial hollow  
 Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?

Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!  
 She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

WORDSWORTH.

## Tears.

*To dream of shedding or of seeing tears, presages happiness on waking.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS and ARTEMIDORUS.

ON thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,  
As on a lyre ere its chords are still ;  
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye  
There's a large tear gathering heavily ;  
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed—  
Sorrowful dreamer ! this is not rest !

THE DREAMER, *by* MRS. HEMANS.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks : as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

SHAKSPEARE. *Titus Andronicus.*

—In sleepe this spectacle to me did show,  
As I methought did sit on royall throne,  
With Peeres about me set—a Ladie faire  
In presence came, and making pitious mone,  
Tearing the tresses of her golden haire,  
And wringing both her hands, as if despaire  
Had her bereft of hope. \* \* \*  
This phantasie presenting everie howre  
Th' appearance of such thoughts did so excite  
My furie 'gainst the foe, that all my powre  
I muster'd for the field. \* \* \*



Here could I singe the deeds of warre to thee,  
 Whereby my famous conquests thou should know,  
 How Heauen did grace me with such victorie,  
 That in twelve battailes I did overthrow  
 The mighty forces of my warlike foe,  
 And by my valour how I did expell  
 Those Saxon foes which here long time did dwell.

MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES. *King Arthur.*

—There a lone youth who in his dreams did weep.

SHELLEY.

## Terror—Fright.

*Fear, terror, and anguish, in dreams, presage danger. They are however according to VON GERSTENBERGK, an omen of safety and security. According to several older authorities, terror only forebodes evil when experienced as a groundless emotion; while others declare it to be a good sign for the poor, but evil for the rich.*

FOR in the still and midnight hour,  
 When darkness aids his hideous power,  
 Affright, that breathes his vengeance deep,  
 Haunts with wild dreams the troubled sleep,  
 That freeze the blood, and raise the bristling hair:  
 Grim spectre! he with horrid tread  
 Stalked around the curtained bed,  
 And raised a yell that pierced the tortured ear.

Aghast the heaven-taught prophet stood ;  
 "The dead !" he cries, the angry dead around  
 These dreadful notes of vengeance sound,  
 Dreadful to those who shed their blood.

ESCHYLUS. " *The Choephoraë*."

And now the morning red gleams o'er me,  
 I see the sun gleam bright above ;  
 Where thousands weakly failed before me,  
 At length my conqueror's wreath I wove.

I see ye now, ye days long vanished,  
 No more your nightmare dreams annoy !  
 For ever hence your clouds are banished,  
 Nature and Beauty are my joy.

*Translated from the Danish of HILLERUP, by C. G. LELAND.*

In dreams I struggled with the waves putrescent  
 Of blood that burns with unconsuming fire,  
 In that damned region where the night incessant  
 Is never pierced but by a mad desire—  
 That caldron ocean where all things appalling,  
 Impersoned, voiceful, wreek and shriek for death—  
 Dead worlds tumultuous through close darkness falling,  
 That could not crush, while surging, nor a breath  
 Move on the stagnant flame ;—in that dread hell  
 I baffled all, for still the ultimate anguish  
 Was not unveiled, nor sounded the last knell,  
 When, shuddering, I saw the elements seething  
 As for volcanic bursts, and, solid Night upraiséd,  
 I Tantalus beheld : his flame leaves wreathing  
 About *thy* brows, adored ! at which, amazéd,  
 Horror enclasped me—and upright as stone,  
 I floated—stone with sensible eyes !

AGATHON. By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

## Thunder.

*Peals of thunder heard in dreams, are the voices of angels.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

HE spread his cloak and slumbered—darkness fell  
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound  
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;  
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,  
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;  
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,  
Gigantic volume upon volume wound,  
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,  
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,  
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose:  
Then chariot wheels—the nearer rush of wings;  
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,  
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;  
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,  
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,  
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,  
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,  
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,  
Fixed sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:  
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;  
Father of countless myriads that shall come,

Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,  
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,  
 Till He is given whom angels long to see,  
 And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

*Jacob's Dream.* CROLY.

Not as the mystic sprites of old  
 Spoke with a gentle voice from streams,  
 Not from the Loxian caverns cold,  
 Or from Dodona's talking trees,  
 Or from the murmuring evening breeze,  
 Did angel voices speak in dreams :

But with the solemn thunder tone,  
 They spoke the first great spirit tongue,  
 As God in glory called alone  
 On that first wild and wondrous morn,  
 While waking Light was scarcely born,  
 To Chaos when great Time was young.

C. G. LELAND.

—◆—

## Toad.

*To see a toad, presages a quarrel, deceit, and treachery ;  
 but to find one hidden, is an omen of fortune and honour.*

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought : him there they found,  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits that from pure blood arise,  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distempered discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits, engendering pride.  
 Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts,  
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air :  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend !

MILTON.



## Towers—Palaces.

*To dream of such buildings, forebodes envy. To dwell  
 in them, presages favour from the great. To enter them, is  
 ominous of disturbance. To sit in them, denotes prosperity.  
 To destroy them, signifies unexpected power.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

THOU who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's Bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers,  
So sweet the sense faints picturing them!—Thou,  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea blooms, and the oozy woods, which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

*Ode to the West Wind.* SHELLEY.

Again I stood within the realm of dreams,  
At midnight, on a huge and shadowy tower;  
And from the east the full moon shed her beams,  
And from the sky a wild meteoric shower  
Startled the darkness; and the night  
Was full of ominous voices and strange light.

T. B. READ.



## Tree.

“*To dream of flourishing, vigorous trees,*” says ARTEMIDORUS, “*presages fortune and happiness. But to see a tree lying upon the ground, forebodes disappointment in love.*”

### THE DREAM OF THE ODENWALD.

A TREE stood in the Odenwald,  
With many a blooming bough,  
And there I had a true love once—  
Where is my true love now !

A wild bird sat amid the flowers,  
From eve to early dawn,  
We sat beside the tree for hours ;  
Yet still the bird sang on.

Still seated by the linden tree,  
Beside the running stream,  
Oh, dearest——have I been by thee ?  
Or was it all a dream.

And when again I sought the tree,  
Upon the ground it lay ;  
Another lover held thy hand—  
*The dream had passed away.*

And here I stand, in Switzerland,  
Far from the bird and thee ;  
Around me lies the drifting snow,  
And all is sad to see.

*From the German, by C. G. LELAND.*



## Violets.

*To dream of violets when such flowers are in season, is a favourable omen ; but evil at other times.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

TAKE of my violets ! I found them where  
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank  
That leaned to running water. There's to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers  
That touches me like poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose breathings are too gentle for the world.

N. P. WILLIS.

You ask me why the violet blooms  
Among the silent dead ;  
And why amid the mouldering tombs  
It loves to rear its head ?

Sweet woman there is often seen  
To dew the ground with tears,  
And where her angel form has been,  
Her favourite flower appears.

Then when she comes to deck the grave  
Where her heart's treasure lies,  
She finds a garland ready there,  
To grace her obsequies.

ANONYMOUS.

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## Voices.

*Whatever you dream that you hear voices call out to you,  
will prove true.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

AND as the noble Moringer  
Slept by a garden wall,  
He dreamed that from the Heaven above  
He heard an angel call :  
“Awake ! awake ! thou, Moringer !  
And hasten for thy life,  
This very day, so far away,  
Von Neifen weds thy wife.”

OLD GERMAN BALLAD. *Vide UHLAND, Volksl., p. 776.*

Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard,  
Sweet household name by name hath changed  
To grief's forbidden word ;

From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far-removed ;  
And waken to my own wild cry,  
Where are ye, my beloved ?

HEMANS.

In the silence of the midnight,  
When the cares of day are o'er  
In my soul I hear the voices  
Of the loved ones gone before ;

And they, words of comfort whispering,  
 Tell they'll watch on every hand,  
 And I love, I love to list to  
 Voices from the Spirit Land.

J. S. ADAMS.

But ere my living life returned ;  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two *voices* in the air.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner.*

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## Waking.

*To dream of waking from slumber, is a sign of rapidly  
 advancing in all things.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.  
 There rose a sound of striking clocks,  
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks.  
 A fuller light illumined all,  
 A breeze through all the garden swept,  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,

The maid and page renewed their strife,  
The palace banged, and buzzed, and clackt,  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself upreared,  
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke:  
"By holy rood! a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept, my lords.  
My beard has grown into my lap!"  
The barons swore with many words,  
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mentioned half an hour ago?"  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words returned reply;  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question by.

*The Day-Dream.* TENNYSON.

The visions all are fled—the car is fled  
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead  
A sense of real things comes doubly strong.

KEATS.

## Waste Places.

*To dream of being in lonely, waste places, barren plains  
or valleys, betokens that you will be alone in your old age.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

EXHAUSTED nature sinks awhile to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene :  
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks,  
Sometimes in clouds distressed ; or, if retired  
To secret-winding, flower-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatched from her yielded hand, he knows not how.  
Thro' forests huge, *and long untravelled heaths,*  
*With desolation brown, he wanders waste,*  
*In night and tempest wrapt,* or shrinks, aghast,  
Back from the bending precipice, or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore, where succourless and sad,  
She with extended arms his aid implores ;  
But strives in vain : borne by the outrageous flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or, whelmed beneath the boiling eddy, sinks.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

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## Water.

*To dream of crossing water is a sure sign of speedy travel; if the water be clear and fair, your journey will be very pleasant.*

NIC. VON KLINGELBERG.

*A sign of subduing difficulties and obstacles.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

*Si dormis doncella,  
Despertad y abrid;  
Que venida es la hora  
Si quereis partir.*

If thou sleepest, fair maid,  
Wake, and open to me!  
For the hour is at hand,  
When afar we must flee.

*Si descalza estais,  
No os querais calzar  
Que muchas las agoas  
Teneis de pasar.*

If thy white feet are bare,  
Still no longer delay;  
For deep are the waters  
Which roll in our way.

*Las agoas tan hondas  
De Guadalquivir,—  
Que venida es la hora  
Si quereis partir.*

The deep-rolling waters  
Of Guadalquivir,—  
Now the hour is at hand  
We must wander, my dear!

*Translated from the Spanish of GIL VINCENTE, by C. G. LELAND.*

The water! the water!  
The joyous brook for me,  
That tuneth through the quiet night  
Its ever-living glee.



The water ! the water !  
 That sleepless, merry heart  
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,  
 And loveth to impart  
 To all around it some small measure  
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.

MOTHERWELL.

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## Waterfall—Cataract.

*To dream of a waterfall, denotes a speedy legacy.*

VON GERSTENBERGK.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,  
 I stray, regardless whither, till the sound  
 Of a near fall of water ; every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought ; swift shrinking back,  
 I check my steps and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
 Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all,  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
 And from the loud resounding rocks below  
 Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose ;  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
 Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now  
 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;



And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,  
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
 Along the mazes of the quiet dale.

THOMSON.

Visions shall delight  
 Of waterfalls by sun-bows canopied,  
 The fine spray falling in the restless breeze.

REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

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## Waves.

*Rough and stormy waves beating high, predict sorrow  
 and trouble. But if not violent, they presage great deeds,  
 and are a pleasant omen.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

SHE dreamed of being alone on the sea shore,  
 Chained to a rock; she knew not how, but stir  
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;  
 And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour,  
 Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were  
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high  
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

BYRON.

The billows run along in gold  
 Over the yielding main,  
 And when upon the shore unrolled  
 They gather up again,

They get themselves a different form,  
 These children of the wind,  
 And, or in sunlight or in storm,  
 Leave the green land behind.

ANONYMOUS.

And she vanished over the side of the boat.—Whether she plunged into the stream, or whether, like water melting into water, she flowed away with it, they knew not, her disappearance so much resembled both united, and neither by itself. But she was gone, gliding on with the Danube, instantly and completely; only little waves were yet whispering and sobbing around the boat, and they seemed almost distinctly to say; “O woe, woe! Ah, remain true! O woe!”

*Undine.* LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

“Lurley! Lurley!”

Words there are none; but the waves prolong  
 The notes of that mysterious song;  
 He listens, and listens, and all around  
 Ripple the echoes of that sweet sound—

“Lurley! Lurley!”

No form appears on the river side;  
 No boat is borne on the wandering tide;  
 And the tones ring on, with naught to show  
 Or whence they come, or whither they go—

“Lurley! Lurley!”

PRAED.

## Willow.

*To dream of the willow, is a sign of grief to all save mariners.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

I AM so farre from pittying thee,  
That wear'st a branch of willow tree ;  
That I do envie thee, and all  
That once were high and got a fall.  
O willow, willow, willow-tree !  
I would thou didst belong to me !

Thy wearing willow doth imply  
That thou art happier far than I.  
For *once* thou wert where thou wouldst be,  
Though nowe thou wear'st the willow-tree.  
O willow, willow, sweete willow,  
Let me once lie upon her pillow !

I doe defy both boughe and roote,  
And all the fiends of hell to boote ;  
One hour of paradisèd jôye  
Makes purgatorie seeme a toye.  
O willow, willow, doe thy worst,  
Thou canst not make me more accÛrst.

I have spent all my golden time  
 In writing many a loving rhyme :  
 I have consumèd all my youth  
 In vowing of my faith and truth.

O willow, willow, willow-tree !  
 Yet can I not beleevèd be !

And now, alas ! it is too late,  
 Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,  
 Bid me set my heart at rest,  
 For beautie loveth young men best.

O willow, willow, I must die !  
 Thy servant's happier farre than I.

ENGLISH BALLAD, A.D. 1610.

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## Winds.

*To dream of winds blowing gently and softly, is a favourable omen for lovers ; but wild and stormy blasts signify dealings with harsh and perfidious men.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

SING high, sing low, thou moody wind,  
 It skills not, for thy glee  
 Is ever of a fellow kind,  
 With mine own fantasy.  
 Go, sadly moan, or madly blow,  
 In fetterless free will,  
 Wild spirit of the clouds ! but know  
 I ride thy comrade still ;  
 Loving thy humours, I can be  
 Sad, wayward, wild or mad, like thee.

Go, and with light and noiseless wing  
Fan yonder murmuring stream,—  
Brood o'er it, as the sainted thing,  
The spirit of its dream ;  
Give to its voice a sweeter tone  
Of calm and heartfelt gladness ;  
Or to those old trees woe-begone,  
Add moan of deeper sadness,—  
It likes me still, for I can be  
All sympathy of heart, like thee.

Rush forth in maddened wrath, to rouse  
The billows of the deep ;  
And in the blustering storm, carouse  
With fiends that never weep.  
Go tear each fluttering rag away,  
Outshriek the mariner,  
And hoarsely knell the mermaids' lay  
Of death, and shipwreck drear ;—  
What reck I, since I still dare be  
Harsh, fierce, and pitiless, like thee ?

Blow as thou wilt, blow anywhere,  
Wild spirit of the sky,  
It matters not,—earth, ocean, air,  
Still echoes to my cry,  
“I follow thee,” for, where thou art  
My spirit too must be,  
While each chord of this wayward heart,  
Thrills to thy minstrelsy ;  
And he that feels so, sure must be  
Meet co-mate for a shrew like thee !

Go thou, gentle whispering wind,  
 Bear this sigh, and if thou find  
 Where my cruel fair doth rest,  
 Cast it in her snowy breast ;  
 So, enflamed by my desire,  
 It may set her heart a-fire.

CAREW. 1619.



## Wine.

*To dream that you see wine flowing from vases, is a sign that your troubles will be alleviated.*

ASTRAMPSYCHIUS.

*It is a good omen to dream of drinking wine temperately, moderately, and in small goblets.*

ARTEMIDORUS.

AH ! how the streamlet laughs and sings  
 What a delicious fragrance springs  
 From the deep flagon while it fills,  
 As of hyacinths and daffodils !  
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
 Many have been the slips and sips ;  
 Many have been the draughts of wine,  
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine ;  
 And many a time my soul has hankered  
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,  
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings, and more with its prayers ;  
 But now there is no such awkward condition,  
 No danger of death, and eternal perdition ;

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,  
Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

LONGFELLOW.

Shout Hellas, shout! the lord of joy is come,  
Bearing the mortal Lethe in his hands,  
To make the wailing lips of sorrow dumb,  
To bind sad memory's eyes with rosy bands.  
Io, io, Bacchè!

O, breezes, speed across the mellow lands,  
And bear his coming to the joyous vine;  
Make all the vineyards wave their leafy hands  
Upon the hills, to greet this pomp divine!-  
Io, io, Bacchè!

*The Vision of the Goblet.* BOKER:

Drink up  
Your cup,  
But not spill wine;  
For if you  
Do,  
'Tis an ill sign.

That we  
Foresee  
You are cloy'd here;  
If so, no  
Hoe,  
But avoid here.

HERRICK.



## Woods—Forests.

*To dream of woods, presages quiet, melancholy, and solitude. But if they are sunny and green, it portends profit and pleasure.*

GERMAN DREAM BOOK.

At last I dreamed that I had wandered far  
In an old wood; fresh washed in coolest dew,  
The maiden splendours of the morning star  
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean  
Upon the dusky brushwood, underneath  
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,  
New from its silken sheath.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,  
Not any song of bird, or sound of mill;  
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre  
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turned  
Their humid arms, festooning tree to tree,  
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burned  
The red anemone. \* \* \* \*

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,  
 Poured back into my empty soul and frame,  
 The times when I remember to have been  
 Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me, a clear under tone  
 Thrilled through mine ears in that unblissful clime,  
 Pass freely through! the wood is all thine own,  
 Until the end of time.

*The Dream of Fair Women.* TENNYSON.



## Writing.

*To dream of writing, invariably heralds the receipt of news, unless it be in a book, which presages passionate love or devotion.*

OUR hearts are paper, beauty is the pen  
 Which writes our loves, and blots 'em out again.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Thus I have laboured on and on,  
 Nearly through the gospel of John;  
 Can it be that from the lips  
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
 That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,  
 Came the dread Apocalypse!  
 It has a very awful look,  
 As it stands there at the end of the book,  
 Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,  
 Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.  
 God forgive me! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,  
 Lest my part too should be taken away  
 From the book of Life, on the Judgment-Day.

This is well written, though I say it;  
 I should not be afraid to display it,  
 In open day, on the self-same shelf  
 With the writings of St. Thecla herself,  
 Or of Theodosius, who of old  
 Wrote the gospels in letters of gold!

LONGFELLOW.

---

## Young.

*To dream that we are young again, or living in scenes and times long passed, is ominous, says ENGELBRECHT, of disgrace and affliction.*

SAD DREAMS! as when the spirit of our youth  
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
 Of our young life, and points out every ray  
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way.

MOORE.

She dreamed!—and in her dream, behold  
 The scenes of childhood backward rolled  
     To that fair sunny spot,  
 Where she had roamed, a weary child,  
 By crystal stream and leafy wild,  
     Beside her mountain cot.

Again the flowers of spring had come,  
     Sweet voices filled the air,  
 The music of the insect's hum  
     She dreamed was everywhere:  
 To her the charming spheres were rife,  
 All nature seemed replete with life;  
     But how illusive were  
 The scenes to which that dream had led  
 Her fancy, and how soon they fled  
     And left her lifeless there!

D. W. BELISLE.



## Youth.

*To dream of a renewal of youth, according to ENGELBRECHT, is ominous of disgrace and affliction (vide YOUNG). But other oneirologists declare that this is applicable only to men, it being a favourable sign for women, and denoting aid in adversity, or "hope fulfilled."*

“WHENCE dost thou come to me,  
     Sweetest of visions,  
 Filling my slumbers with holiest joy?”

“ Kindly I bring thee  
Feelings of childhood,  
That in thy dreams thou be happy awhile.”

“ Why dost thou steal from me  
Ever as slumber  
Flies, and reality chills me again ?”

“ Life thou must struggle through ;  
Strive—and in slumber,  
Sweetly again I will steal to thy soul.”

J. G. PERCIVAL.

Have you not wandered in your dream,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
A fair and cherished boy ;  
Until you felt it pain to part  
From the wild creations of your art,  
Until your young and innocent heart  
Seemed bursting with its joy ?

PRAED.

# Farewell, thou Land of Dreams !

FAREWELL, farewell, thou land of Dreams,  
Where Youth and I together dwelt ;  
Could I, where flow those mystic streams,  
But feel once more as I have felt :  
Could I those wandering streams beside  
But dream life's tranquil hours away,  
Could I at noon and eventide  
Here roam as in life's early day.

Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams,  
The DREAMER sighs his last adieu :  
Mountains and vales and murmuring streams,  
Scenes which my early childhood knew,  
Fond memory oft will turn to trace  
The haunts of my unclouded hours ;  
When this heart was Hope's dwelling-place,  
And all Life's paths were strewed with flowers.

H. L. SPENCER.

So the Dreams depart,  
So the fading phantoms flee,  
And the sharp reality  
Now must act its part.

*WESTWOOD'S Beads from a Rosary.*

THE END.





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